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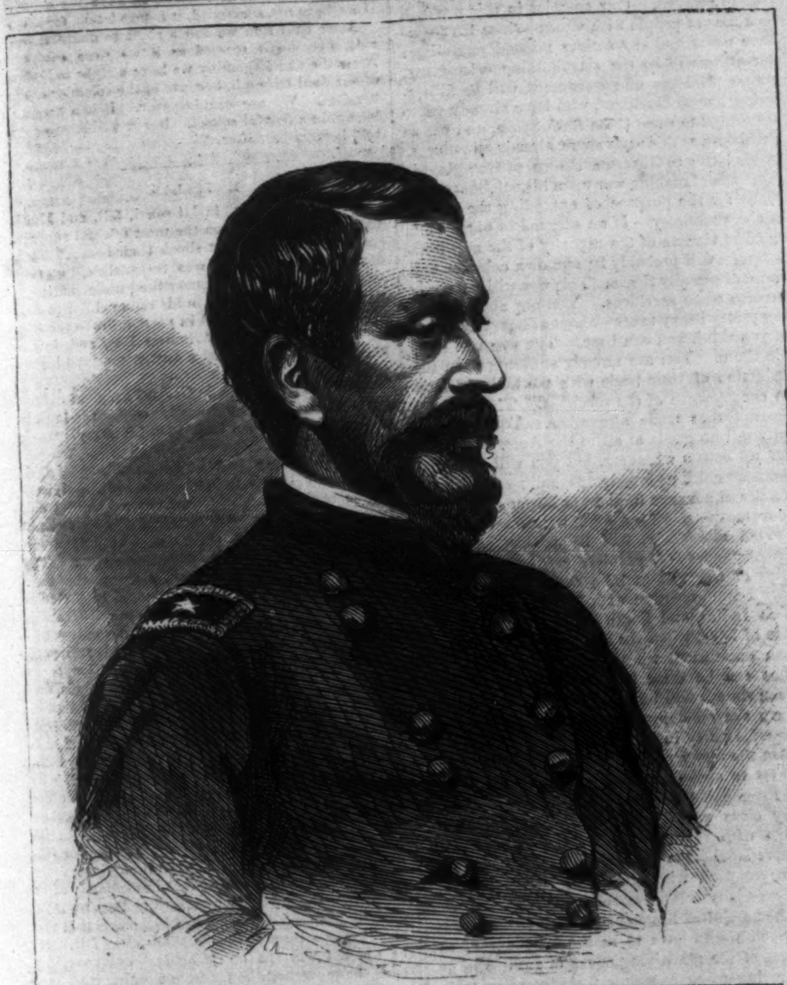
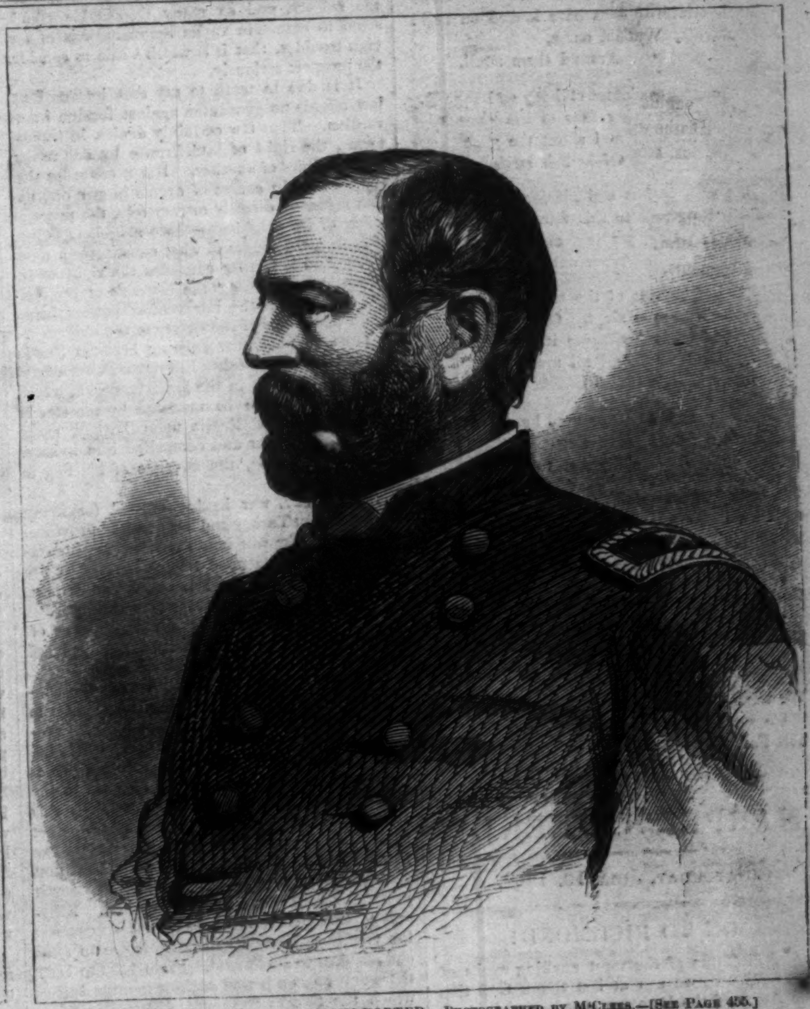


BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. M'CALL.—Photographed by M'Clees.—[See Page 455.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.—Photographed by M'Clees.—[See Page 455.]

THE "WHITE HOUSE."

On this page we give a picture of the famous "White House," on the Pamunky, formerly the residence of General Lee, and lately occupied by the Union forces as a dépôt for stores. This house was burned at the evacuation of the place by our troops. The following letter on the subject, from the pen of Mr. Benson J. Lossing, will be read with interest:

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

The telegraph brings us intelligence this morning that the famous "White House," which has occupied more of public attention lately than it deserved, has been destroyed by our troops. The account contains the remark that "some Vandal hand set it on fire." As this will be the last of the "White House" itself, but probably not of the repetition of the name of Washington and of the word "Vandal" in connection with its destruction, permit me to say, on the very best authority, that the building in question was not the one whose roof "sheltered Washington during his honey-moon," as has been alleged, nor does the estate belong "to the rebel General Lee."

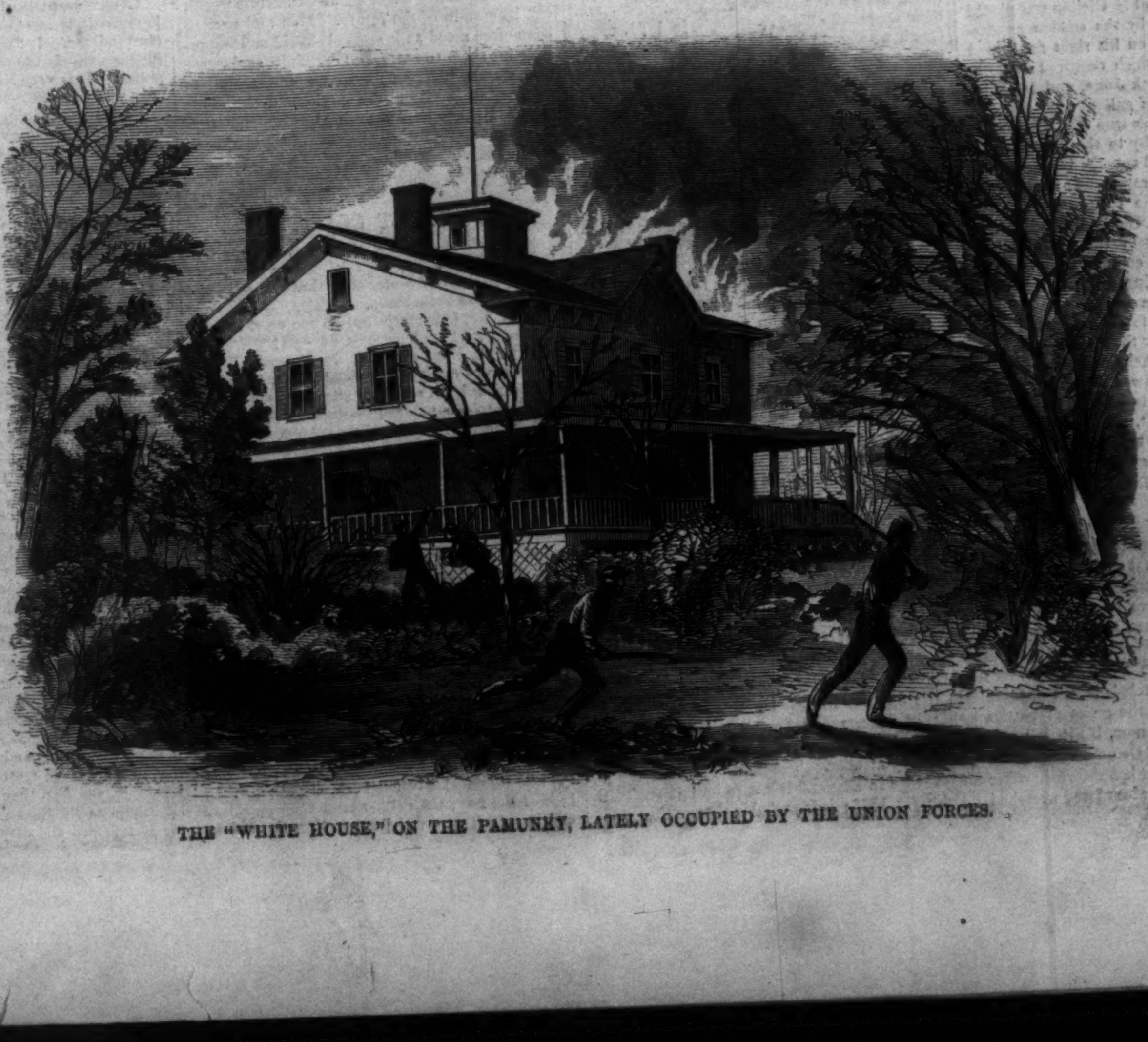
The "White House" where Washington resided with his bride (the owner) during the first few weeks of his married life was demolished many years ago, and the late building, somewhat different in form, was erected upon its site. This estate, as well as that of Arlington, near Washington city, was the property of the late G. W. P. Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington. Mary Custis, the wife of the rebel General Lee, is the sole heir of Mr. Custis, and all his property will remain in her possession, according to the provisions of his will, during her natural life, and then become the patrimony of her children. One of her sons, formerly an officer in the army of the United States, but now Colonel of a rebel regiment at Richmond, has, since his marriage in 1859, been the occupant of the "White House" and surrounding estate, the property of his mother. I repeat that the late "White House" was never seen by Washington, and that the estate is not the property of the "rebel General Lee." Mrs. Lee, his wife, is my authority for the assertion.

As the late "White House" itself possessed no rightful claim to our reverence, and never had any more title to the respect of loyal Americans than the modern mansion and estate of any other rebel family on the Peninsula, all talk about its sanctity and of the Vandalism of its destroyers may very properly cease.

B. J. L.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., }
July 1, 1862. }

This was the house about the non-occupation of which as a hospital some factious and extremely foolish members of Congress made such an absurd rumpus.



THE "WHITE HOUSE," ON THE PAMUNKY, LATELY OCCUPIED BY THE UNION FORCES.

ACELDAMA.

JULY 1, 1862.

I SEE the fair new summer moon
Gliding along the tranquil sky;
It lights that field of blood where soon
Thousands must die!

Are dying—as we talk by starts,
With hushed low voices full of awe,
Of woe to come, and breaking hearts,
The end of war!

The horses' bridles even now
Are red with blood, the trampled field
Is reaped. War's sickle as the plow
Counts up its yield.

Night's languid perfumes, summer's breath
We breathe with sickening thoughts; for there
Sulphurous, scorching, charged with Death,
Weighs down the air.

Earth puts on Paradise for us:
Their straining eyes have looked on hell!
Its torments, anguish, curse,
Around them swell.

Men changed to demons! hate and rage
Lighting the dying fires of life
To hurl with oath and shout the gage
Of hellish strife.

Black parching lips and glazing eyes
Turned upward to this fair, soft light!
Shrieks, babbling, praying, moaning cries
Wear out the night.

This is the harvest of the tares
Sown while men slept. Oh fatal sleep!
Alas, what crimson sheaves it bears!
And all must reap!

Shall yet a fair harvest spring
From ground now nurtured by this blood?
Shall we a future pæan sing
Of praise to God?

He only knows. Faith's eyes are dim
With bitter weeping for the slain.
A Nation's trust, placed all on Him,
Seems now in vain.

God hides himself. No wail, no cry
Can pierce the cloud, the end foresee;
Beneath His silence dumb we lie—
His "needs must be."

We need this anguish of suspense
To search our hearts and try our lives,
Till Faith, and not its proud pretense,
Alone survives.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

ON TO RICHMOND!

AFTER one of the most exciting weeks of the war, we can at last thank God that the Army of the Potomac is safe, and is in reality nearer the accomplishment of the work that it has been appointed to do than it has ever been. That General M'Clellan was placed in a position of danger by the sudden appearance of Jackson's army on his right flank, and that in the six battles which occurred on 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th June, and 1st July, we lost a large number of gallant men and officers, is true. But it is also true that the change of base from the Pamunky to the James River had been determined, and actually begun, before Jackson made his appearance. It is also true that, notwithstanding the furious attacks of enormous rebel armies, M'Clellan's forces moved toward the James River by the roads and at the rate directed by their commander; and after five days' terrible fighting, reached the point he had selected for them ten days previously. At every point which our forces reached in their march to the James River their provident leader had planted on each height heavy batteries of cannon, whose fire mowed down the pursuing rebels by whole battalions and brigades. Lastly, it is also true that, while we may have lost from 15,000 to 18,000 men in killed, wounded, and missing, we have gained the support of the James River gun-boat flotilla, which is worth an army of 100,000 men.

On the other hand, the rebels, who, according to the papers, are returning thanks for a victory, have suffered so terribly that prisoners estimate their loss at 40,000, and General Andrew Porter at 75,000 men. They have gained possession of the swamps where we have lost so many men by fever—nothing more.

On the whole, then, we have gained more than we have lost, and the rebels have lost more than they have gained, by the series of battles ending on 1st July. And now, if M'Clellan is promptly reinforced, and if Commodore Wilkes displays the energy which he has shown in other days, we shall soon see how absurd and wretched it was to talk of M'Clellan's movement as a reverse. Never was there a moment when it was more opportune to renew the cry, On to Richmond!

FOREIGN INTERVENTION ONCE MORE.

THE London *Herald*, a paper which, having long ago ceased to be profitable as a mercantile speculation, is now carried on at the expense of the secessionists in England; the Paris *Patrie*, whose leading editors are owned by John Slidell; and certain persons in this country whose loyalty is generally distrusted, continue to harp upon the subject of foreign intervention in our war. The open secessionists urge Great Britain and France to interfere; their covert allies affect to fear that they will do so. The object of both is nothing more than to dishearten the North and encourage the South.

For none of them really believe that intervention is at all likely.

There has been, however, so much said on the subject, and so many respectable people seem to entertain vague apprehensions of foreign troubles, that it is worth while to consider the prospect seriously.

It is due to truth to say that international law affords no guarantee against foreign intervention. That law certainly denies, in general terms, the right of interference by one nation in the affairs of another. But it concedes that right when the course of events in any one nation menaces, directly or remotely, the peace or safety of its neighbors—those neighbors being, of course, the judges of what constitutes a menace. And it further concedes the right of intervention whenever "the interests of humanity" call for it; the intervening powers being again the judges of the nature of the exigency.

Thus, in 1854, war existing between Russia and Turkey, three other European Powers, having large interests in the Mediterranean, which they considered to be menaced by the steady encroachments of Russia upon Turkey, made war upon the Czar and compelled him to stay, at least for a time, the advance of his flag in that direction.

So, in 1827, war having existed for many years between Turkey and her revolted province, Greece, and the war being prosecuted with circumstances of the most savage ferocity by the Turks, three European Powers, Great Britain, France, and Russia intervened, in the interests of humanity, recognized the independence of Greece, destroyed the Turkish fleet, and placed a German prince on the Greek throne.

It would be very easy to show that the success of the Union arms involves no menace to Europe and no detriment to humanity. Frequent allusions have been made to the combined intervention in Greece as constituting a precedent for a similar proceeding in regard to the contest here. But the facts do not justify this view. The Greeks actually took up arms against their Turkish oppressors in the year 1770—five years before the American colonies fired the first shot for independence; it was not till fifty-seven years afterward that Europe intervened. Fifty-seven years hence, if we have not suppressed the rebellion, Europe will be welcome to send embassadors to Richmond. From 1792 to 1827 there never was a period of three months during which the Greeks were not fighting, in some part of their country, for their independence. Yet during all these years Europe never interfered, though the Greeks were Christians and their oppressors Turks; though, in 1821, every Greek who could be found in any Turkish city was brutally butchered; though, in 1822, Kara Ali absolutely depopulated the Greek island of Scio, slaughtering every male, and selling so many young girls into slavery that the price of slaves for the harem fell fifty per cent.; though, in 1825, '26, '27, Ibrahim Pacha in the Morea cropped the ears of every prisoner he took, and then blew the mutilated bodies out of cannons. The writers who say that the same reasons which justified intervention in Greece would likewise justify intervention in the United States are evidently not familiar with the facts.

But it is clear that, if it was manifestly the interest of Great Britain and France to interfere in our war, they would find law and reasons for so doing. It is therefore of more consequence to us to find out where their interest lies in the matter than to trouble ourselves about laws and precedents.

The first overt act of interference by any foreign power would be instantly met by a declaration of war by the United States. Pending the rebellion, this country will patiently endure almost any amount of humiliation from the foreign world. But interference is war. This is well understood—in Europe as here. It would be a sore trial to us. But we could stand it. Instead of 600,000 men we should put 1,200,000 in the field, besides 150,000 negroes. Instead of $300,000,000, Congress would authorize Mr. Chase to issue $1,000,000,000 of Treasury Notes. Arrangements have already been made by which, in the fall, our iron-clad navy will be equal to that of France and England combined: we should, in the event of a foreign war, double that navy at once. The first of the new iron-clad ships in England is not to be launched till February, 1863: it is probable that neither power now has a single iron-clad vessel which they would trust on the American coast. The *Monitor*, as is known, would sink the *Warrior* in about ten minutes. So much for us. Now for Europe.

In deciding to intervene in this country the Emperor of France and the Prime Minister of Great Britain would have to address their respective nations somewhat as follows:

"We have resolved to make war upon the United States because they are in trouble. We have no quarrel with them. On the contrary, our relations with that Power were never more amicable than they are at present, and by act and deed the Administration of Mr. Lincoln have testified their ardent desire to remain on friendly terms with us. We go to war with them for the purpose of destroying the Union, and securing the establishment of a new Confederacy based on the corner-stone of human slavery—an institution which we loathe and abhor, which we have abolished in our own colonies, and the extension of which we are making treaties and spending large sums of money every year to prevent. Our enemies in this war will be a race of people with whom—since 1812—we have never had any serious misunderstanding: our allies will be the slaveholding aristocracy, whose principle of government will be filibustering aggrandizement, who have already twice attempted to wrest Cuba from Spain, and whose President, at this early stage, already announces, in his letter to Governor Brown, of Georgia, his intention of making war upon his neighbors generally for the purpose of extending the sphere of slave territory. If we succeed in our object, the first victims of the rapacity of the new Confederacy will probably be our own colonies and those of our ally Spain. This war will naturally involve some sacrifices. You are already paying pretty heavy taxes—about as heavy as many of you think you can bear. The war will double them. You are already suffering from the reduction of your trade with the United States in consequence of the rebellion. The war will destroy that trade altogether. You will not only sell no goods at all to the Americans, and get no cotton whatever, but you will get from them no gold, no breadstuffs, and no provisions. Food will advance from 20 to 50 per cent. in all your markets. Your foreign trade, if not destroyed altogether, will be prosecuted under circumstances of peculiar peril. American ships of war will at least endeavor to cut off your communication with India, Australia, the West Indies, and South America; the experience of 1812, when the American navy was less than one-fiftieth what it is at present, shows what can be done in this direction. In the mean time it will be necessary for you to keep a sharp eye on dangers at home. A large and powerful party in Ireland would doubtless embrace the opportunity of a war with the United States to strike a fresh blow for independence. In France the 'dangerous classes' would require very close watching indeed. And finally, we learn with regret that Mr. Cameron, United States Minister to St. Petersburg, is carrying on a negotiation with Russia which may lead to very serious complications after our new war with the United States has broken out."

Such would have to be the language of the rulers of the maritime powers of Europe in announcing to their people their intention to interfere in this country. It is easy to understand what would be the response of the people.

No man, in this changing and uncertain world, can be certain of the future. Men and nations have often acted as it seemed absurd and impossible for them to act. But certainly, as the case now stands, it seems gratuitous and absurd to doubt the sincerity of the emphatic declarations of the British and French Governments that they have no intention whatever of interfering in our quarrel.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A DISTINGUISHED American conversing, a few days since, in Paris, with M. THOUVENEL, the French Minister of State, was asked rather impatiently by the Frenchman,

"But, Sir, how much time do you want to take Richmond? How long must we wait?"

"I think, Monsieur, with great respect," was the courteous reply of our countryman, "that we shall be satisfied if we are granted as much time as the allies took to reduce Sebastopol."

M. THOUVENEL changed the subject.

THE LOUNGER.

OUR HEROES.

IT is impossible not to feel that there is a great deal that is consoling and inspiring even in the terrible battle and prolonged delay before Richmond. It was one of the longest battles recorded in history. It was a contest between an overwhelming mass of desperate men, standing upon their own soil, well armed, ably led, terribly in earnest, and a smaller body of heroes, upon a strange soil, and inspired with the knowledge that they fought for the very principle of liberty and human civilization.

The battle raged for a week. Our men, fighting like tigers, slowly fell back, disputing every inch of the way, but neither routed nor appalled, and in retreating merely compacting themselves and forming a better base of operations. In the very wild height of the battle, after it had raged for nearly a week, the gaunt, gray figure of Hentzelman towers along his line, invoking his staggering but undaunted soldiers to strike once more and charge; and with a fierce, grim will, not furiously dashing—they are too utterly spent for that—they launch themselves slowly, steadily, overwhelmingly upon the yelling and exultant foe, on and on, breathing death as they come!—on and on; not a lightning flash, but a lava stream—until, hopelessly swept along, the foe fall away before them in wild dismay, and the last blow of the long conflict is a ghastly victory of ours!

The persistent bravery of our men through the bloody and dreadful week redeems the story of our delay. They have shown the most splendid qualities. Their conduct is the earnest of success. The result is a lesson by which we are wise enough to profit. It is a disappointment that we are not in Richmond—but that is still, and literally, only a question of time. If the people who have not marched to the battle-field are worthy of those who have, the delay will be only a challenge which will be gladly accepted and answered by hordes of men. If we have received a blow, so have the enemy. If we have not succeeded, it is no victory for them.

After Bull Run we had a right to doubt the result, because it seemed as if we were cowards After the Chickahominy we have a right to be sure of our final triumph, because of the splendor of our heroism. We are learning war. It is a dreadful lesson, in a fearful school. But it will save us untold horrors hereafter.

M'CLELLAN.

WHEN Lexington, in Missouri, fell, and Mulligan was captured, even the most faithful supporters of General Frémont shook their heads. They did not admit that he was responsible, but they said under the circumstances the public sentiment will doubtless acquiesce in his removal. But Frémont instantly advanced in person, drove the enemy before him to the Arkansas line, and, in the moment that he awaited a battle, received his recall.

This Lounger's faith in General Frémont did not fall with Lexington, nor has his confidence in General M'Clellan fallen back with his army. Look at the simple fact.

M'Clellan hoped to take Richmond, and failed. The enemy hoped to annihilate him, and were beaten back. They marched out a hundred and twenty or thirty or forty thousand strong, and fell upon M'Clellan with eighty or ninety thousand men posted in a swamp and across a river. The foe fought with furious energy, conscious that they must crush him, or his retreat would be their defeat. For a week he resisted them with heroic, with magnificent bravery, retiring not only without panic, but with splendid and terrible sallies of his troops, and at last, reaching his position, turns and drives back the swarming hordes of rebels, and remains fast and impregnable upon his new line of operations.

Of course Richmond, and not Harrison's Landing, was the point that M'Clellan hoped to reach. But equally, of course, M'Clellan's annihilation or surrender was the necessary result to constitute a rebel victory. That our General brought his men through such an overwhelming storm of battle safely to the James does not prove him a poor soldier. That he was outnumbered is surely no fault of his. We must remember that immediately after the evacuation of Yorktown, before Beauregard's army reinforced Richmond, M'Clellan said that the enemy was stronger than he. Let us be fair. If he did not win the battle against overpowering odds, he prevented the foe from winning it.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

EVERY event in this war teaches us the same lesson. It is as old as human history, but it is hard to learn. It has been urged a hundred times in this struggle of ours, and a hundred times forgotten. It is very simple, for it is only, *don't despise your enemy*.

From the beginning we have been told that the rebels had no money, no food, no ammunition: that they were demoralized, disheartened, and coerced: that their cause was hopeless, and the issue only a question of a little time; that they were good at a dash, but had no persistence and would soon tire of a profitless and overwhelming war. Several times they have been on their last legs. Several times the back of the rebellion has been broken. The "end" has been "approaching" for a long time: and the staidest and most suspicious papers have occasionally predicted the very day when the national flag would float serene over every inch of the national domain.

We have all shared this happy confidence. These columns have not failed to express it, nor will they ever doubt the success of the nation in subduing this revolt. But let us be childish no longer. The suggestion of the loyal Governors is the prompting of the national heart. It is perfectly clear now, that if we had had a million of men more or less enrolled, and armed as rapidly as possible, we should have taken no steps backward, and the world could not have had the least doubt as to the prospects of the revolt.

Let us henceforth remember that this is a civil war; that the hate of men who have been fellow-citizens is a hundred-fold more bitter than the hate of foreigners; that the rebels feel their cause to be as sacred as ever our fathers or any people thought theirs to be; that they have for long years been taught to hate us and despise us; that the mass of them are profoundly ignorant and poor, and that their prejudice against us is malignant; that they look upon our army as an invading host, coming to waste their homes and insult their families; and that by a thousand reasons of conviction, passion, ignorance, and fear, they are practically united in opposition to the Government. Moreover, a people so inflamed and desperate, occupying 800,000 square miles of fertile soil, will not starve immediately. If a piece of brown paper, by common consent, buys a loaf of bread, it is as good as gold. Disaffection, disappointment, disgust there may be in individual cases, and in the perhaps intentionally exaggerated rumors of designing stragglers. But after fifteen months of war the rebels stand to-day bitter, defiant, desperate; not hoping, of course, to subdue and overrun us, but expecting to hold out fiercely until Europe interposes.

Let no one mistake what we are saying. There is not the least reason for doubt in any loyal heart. But there is every reason for keeping our eyes steadily open upon the facts. A man is not depressed or gloomy because he thinks a huge and radical civil war is not a picnic, to be ended by an order of the day. If you expect to stand on the top of the mountain you must climb, and slip, and sweat, and fall, and bruise your shins, and up again, and up, and up. The job is difficult, so is this rebellion. But it is not in Yankee nature to be foiled. The tougher the resistance, the more resolutely, with grim good-humor, it settles itself to the task.

WHO DID IT?

INEVITABLY, after such severe work as our soldiers have seen before Richmond, every body raises his head from the details, and asks, *Who did it?* Who is responsible for it? Who shall be the scapegoat?

We are all responsible. It is very easy, after any event has occurred, to see and to say how a different combination might have produced different results. Suppose a storm had not scattered the Spanish armada. Suppose Hampden and Cromwell had come to New England. Suppose Julius Cæsar had never crossed the Rubicon. Suppose Alexander the Great had died of measles in his fourth year. Suppose the deluge had never dried up. Suppose any thing you please as a premise, and you may suppose what you choose as a logical conclusion. A month ago we all thought and said, "'Tis only a question of time. We shall have Richmond before the harvest." Even those who did not like M'Clellan's politics, and those who did not have great faith in his military genius, cried, "Of course. He must take Richmond. He can't help it."

Let us hope before these lines are read that he may have it. But let us also not be too sure. And when we read of the fighting and the carnage of the 28th, 29th, and 30th June, let us remember that, pitiful as the story may be, all had doubtless been done in preparation that the circumstances and the honesty of the leaders allowed. It would have been better doubtless to have had an army of fifty thousand men in the Shenandoah, and another of two hundred thousand in an airy and healthy and impregnable position before Richmond, and another of fifty thousand upon the Rappahannock, and a hundred thousand veterans around Washington. All this would have been better without question. But the general conviction of the country and of the Administration has been that there were men enough to do the work. Senator Wilson is as earnest a friend of ample and vigorous measures as there is in the country, but he thought and said long ago that we had plenty of men. It must never be forgotten that we are learning to make war by experience. When it is the universal conviction that half a million of volunteers are enough, a call for a million, upon the plea that the more men the surer the result, would fall heavily upon the public ear.

Let us all be our own scape-goats. We can not blame M'Clellan that he is not in Richmond (if he is not), nor the President, nor Mr. Stanton, nor the Cabinet, nor any individual. Suppose that General M'Clellan asked for more troops. The President would say, "I've none to send you."

"But I must have them."

"I haven't got them."

"But, my dear Sir, it is a military necessity, of which you are no judge."

"Very likely, my dear General, but I am nevertheless, and unluckily, if you choose, Commander-in-Chief. I wish I could see as you do, but I can not. I have no right to relinquish my own judgment. In this case I do not feel that I ought to. I wish I had fifty thousand troops to send you. I can call for them, if you say you must retire without them; but there are not too many in the Shenandoah, nor before Washington, and the West wants all it has."

"Very well, I understand; and I will do the best I can."

Clearly neither of the two is to be blamed. The difficulty is that there are not more men. That there ought to be more is very evident, but that is a fact which the public just perceives. Our delay before Richmond is as little any body's fault, and as much every body's misfortune, as can well be.

"THE UNION AT ANY PRICE."

FOR a year we have been saying that we wanted to save the Union at any cost. We are now called upon to show that we mean what we say. We have perhaps thought that half a million of armed men would suffice, that it was not necessary to employ any other means. But as parents ask children "How much do you love me? A dollar's worth? Twenty dollars? An apple?"—so we have now to ask ourselves how much do we love our Government and the cause of civil liberty and human freedom. The question is perfectly simple. If we can say truly that we love our country so strongly that we hold nothing dearer, except justice and honor, then we are safe. If not, we are already lost, and every one of our soldiers whom we henceforth allow to fall we murder. Let us see, then, how much we do love it, and at what cost we are willing to save it.

Mr. Ten Eyck, a Republican Senator from New Jersey, says that he doubts whether his fellow-citizens would fight for their country side by side with colored men. That is to say, their prejudice against the colored race is dearer to them than the Union.

Another Senator says that confiscating the property of rebels in arms is not to be thought of. A man may be slaughtering our brothers, sons, and fathers, but we must respect his property. Men who take this view are more unwilling to confiscate by proceedings *in rem* than they are to see the country divided and lost.

Another party say that it is frightful to think of General Hunter's regiment of colored men. If you ask them whether they would not save the Union upon the very principle of the Union, namely, the liberty of innocent men, they shake their heads. They would rather the Government should be ruined and the nation lost than that those who have been enslaved, in defiance of every human instinct and divine law, should be liberated.

These represent classes that have been hitherto very large in the country. But they are classes that diminish every day. It is gradually becoming plain to the blindest eyes that this country can be saved only by the heroic effort of all her children. The authorities are willing, but the people are the Government. The authorities must be stimulated and supported by public opinion, and every man must help to make that. If the world sees that we are trying with one hand to put down rebellion and with the other to save rebels, it is idle to expect its assent to the continuance of a war in which it has so much at stake. If, on the other hand, it sees that we have learned what we are not to be reproached for not having earlier admitted, that the extremest and most radical measures are not to be spared in the suppression of this insurrection, the world will pause, for it will see a purpose too dangerous and sincere to be trifled with.

The moral is radiantly clear. If we value the Union more than the claim of the rebels to their slaves and their property, we shall save it. If not, it is already lost. If we do not believe that we can constitutionally take any step short of dishonor, which is necessary for national self-preservation, then our salvation is constitutionally impossible.

DOUBLING THE CAPE.

IN the question of foreign meddling there is one point which should be remembered. There is no doubt that Mr. Yancey, upon the part of the rebels, offered as an inducement for foreign recognition the emancipation of the slaves. When, therefore, it is thought by Europe that the time has come to acknowledge the independence of the rebel section, England will insist upon some scheme of emancipation as a condition. It will do this because abolition is the traditional British policy, and because the English know perfectly well that the supply of cotton which depends upon slave-labor is necessarily an uncertain supply, because of the precarious condition of any slave society. Some scheme of emancipation will therefore be required, and it will be gladly granted by the rebels. Then what?

Then in fighting, as we have hitherto been, the Government will be fighting for slavery under the Union; but Europe and the South will be fighting not only for Southern independence, but for universal Liberty. Is it not worth while for us to secure that advantage? Is it not almost time for the President to call upon all loyal men in the land to rally to the support of the Government?

A NEW NOVEL.

"THE MORGESONS," the novel by Mrs. Stoddard, wife of the poet, is a very striking story of a certain aspect of New England life. With curious power and a kind of remorseless skill the author invests the homely details of Yankee shore-life with the tragical gloom of Greek fate. The detailed delineation of character and events, and the quiet reliance upon the essential interest of the subject, are admirable. Indeed, there is an intensity of reality in this story which will make the reader instinctively wonder whether the author has not strictly followed Sir Philip Sidney's charge, "Look into thine own heart, and write." Among the new novels "The Morgesons" is worthy the attention of every reader who seeks a remarkable story, or who is interested in American literature.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT is not always a mark of frankness to possess an open countenance. An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet it possesses an open countenance when it is in the very act of *taking you in.*

"How d'ye, broder?" "So so, me tank ye; how you bin dis long time?" "Quite well, tank you. How you pass your time now, broder?" "Oh! me no pass me time at all, broder; me cock up me foot so let time pass himself."

EPITAPH AT NESTON ST. NICHOLAS.

"Here lies a certain Elizabeth Mann,
She lived an old maid and she died an old Mann."

GENT ON HORSEBACK. "Get out of the way, boy, get out of the way! My horse don't like donkeys!"

BOY ON DONKEY. "Doan't he? Then why doan't he kick thee orf?"

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that!" "I shall not be frightened, then, for I never knew you to pay any thing that you owed."

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up at church who could not dance all night without being tired at all?

The most infallible way of preventing a kitchen door from creaking is said to be to engage a servant girl whose sweet-heart comes to the house to see her.

"With all thy faults I love thee *still*," as the man said to his wife when she was giving him a curtain lecture.

A COUPLE OF SHAMS.—A sham count and a sham Abbé being in a company together, the count hearing the word Abbé always bandying about was piqued, [illegible] asked the Abbé where his abbey lay? The Abbé replied, "Bless me! do you not know it? It is in your county!"

"Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'Iron Horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why, the engin-ear, of course."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from a shower in an umbrella shop is the height of impudence.

A gentleman who was rather impatient at table declared he wished he could manage without servants, as they were a greater "plague than profit." "Why not have a dumb waiter?" suggested a friend. "Oh no," returned the other, "I have tried them—they don't answer."

A celebrated engineer being examined at a trial, made use of the expression "the creative power of a machine," upon which the judge somewhat offensively asked him what he meant by the phrase. "I mean, my lord," said the engineer, "that power which enables a man to convert a goat's tail into a judge's wig."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, June 30, in the Senate, a bill was introduced to punish persons giving or offering to give members of Congress or officers of the government any consideration for procuring contracts, office, or place under the United States Government. The bill providing that vessels and goods belonging to loyal citizens, which have been captured by the rebels, when retaken by the United States, shall be delivered to the owners without salvage, was passed. The bill prescribing an additional oath of office was also passed, as also the bill establishing certain national arsenals. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the case of the New York *Tribune*, with regard to the *Intelligencer* printing, was transferred from the Judiciary Committee to a select committee for investigation. The remainder of the session was devoted to debate upon the bill for the construction of a ship-canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. A motion to postpone the subject till the first Monday in January was negatived by one majority, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, July 1, in the Senate, the bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union as a State was discussed at considerable length, the question being on the amendment offered by Senator Sumner, prohibiting slavery in the territory after the 4th of July, 1863. Without taking a vote on the proposition, the bill was laid aside, and the Army Appropriation bill was taken up. The amendment limiting the number of the rank and file of the army to 750,000 was stricken out, and an amendment limiting the number of Major-Generals at forty, and the Brigadier-Generals to two hundred was adopted. Several other amendments were adopted, and the bill was then laid aside. A resolution, calling on the President for information as to whether Mr. Fulton, the editor of the Baltimore *American*, has been arrested, upon what charge, and for what reason, etc., was laid over. Some other business of no general interest was transacted, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole, various amendments were adopted, and the bill passed. The bill providing for the enlargement of the locks of the Illinois canal so as to admit of the passage of naval vessels, with the amendment for the enlargement of the locks of the Erie and Oswego canals, was laid on the table by two majority. Notice was given of a motion to reconsider the vote, with the view of postponing the subject till December next.

On Wednesday, July 2, in the Senate, Senator Powell, from the Judiciary Committee, reported back the bill to punish persons giving or offering to give consideration to members of Congress for procuring Government contracts, etc. Senator Wright, of Indiana, offered a resolution that, by the report of the Secretary of War of June 21, 1862, it appearing that Senator J. F. Simmons, of Rhode Island, used his official influence to procure a contract from the Government for one C. B. Schuberth, for which it was agreed that he (Mr. Simmons) should receive $50,000, therefore the said James F. Simmons be expelled from his seat in the Senate. The resolution was laid over. The bill changing the grade of line officers of the navy, creating admirals and commanders in addition to the present grades, was discussed. The bill authorizing an additional issue of Treasury Notes was then taken up, several important amendments adopted, and the bill passed, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a resolution calling upon the Secretary of War to communicate any information received by the Government from General M'Clellan relative to the operations at White House was adopted. The motion to reconsider the vote whereby the bill for the enlargement of the Illinois and New York canal-locks was laid on the table was called up. A motion to lay the motion on the table was negatived—56 against 71. Pending a call for the yeas and nays on the main question, the subject was laid aside. A number of bills and resolutions relative to naval affairs were then passed, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, July 3, in the Senate, a joint resolution adjourning Congress on the 10th inst. was laid over. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Dunlap, of Kentucky, asked, but did not obtain, leave to introduce a resolution declaring the sentiments contained in Major-General Hunter's letter relative to arming of the slaves (read in the House on 2d) are eminently unjust to an American Congress—an insult to the American people and to our brave soldiers—and justly merit the consideration of this body. The Senate amendments to the Treasury Note bill were reported to the Committee of Ways and Means. A bill providing for the trial or discharge of State prisoners was introduced and ordered to be printed. The Confiscation bill, as returned from the Senate, was taken up, and the House non-concurred in the amendment substituting Mr. Clark's bill for that of the House.

On Friday, July 4, in the Senate no business of public importance was transacted.——The House was not in session.

On Saturday, July 5, the Senate adopted a resolution calling for Colonel Canby's reports of operations in New Mexico. The General Pension bill was taken up, several amendments agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House the Senate's amendments to the Treasury Note bill were non-concurred in, and a committee of conference ordered. The Senate's joint resolution fixing upon the first Tuesday in September as the time of meeting at Chicago of the Pacific Railroad corporators was adopted. A joint resolution was adopted authorizing the Secretary of War to furnish clothing to wounded and sick soldiers as a substitute for that lost by the casualties of war. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for information whether any member of Congress has been interested in contracts since the 1st of April last. The remainder of the session was devoted to discussing the report of General Hunter on the subject of arming negroes.

On Monday, July 7, in the Senate, the Finance Committee reported back the Tariff bill with amendments. Senator Chandler offered a resolution, which lies over, calling on the Secretary of War for copies of all orders of the Executive to General M'Clellan relative to the advance of the Army of the Potomac on Richmond, and all the correspondence between the said General M'Clellan and the Executive from the date of the order of the 22d of February to the advance on Manassas up to May 1; also a statement of the numerical force of the Army of the Potomac, as shown by the roll in November, 1861, and in January, February, and March, 1862; also the number of troops General M'Clellan took from Fortress Monroe, the number at the fortress, and the reinforcements sent to him up to June 1, 1862. A Committee of Conference was ordered on the Treasury Note bill, and afterward the bill was passed. The general Pension bill was also passed. The bill to provide provisional governments in certain cases was then taken up, and a long and interesting debate ensued. Without taking action on the bill the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Diven, of New York, asked the House to excuse his colleagues, Messrs. Van Valkenburg and Pomeroy, and himself, from service for the remainder of the session, as they desired to return to their respective districts to aid in raising troops. The request was granted. The Senate bill establishing arsenals at Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Rock Island, Illinois, for the deposit and repair of arms, etc., was passed. The Senate bill to carry into effect the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the African slave-trade was passed.

M'CLELLAN TO HIS SOLDIERS.

The following stirring appeal to the Army of the Potomac was issued on the Fourth:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, *July 4, 1862.*

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC!—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking, in return, guns and colors from the enemy. Upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of number, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belong to the Army of the Potomac." You have reached the new base, complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat. Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this, our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so-called Confederacy; that our National Constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace, and external security to each State, "Must and Shall be Preserved," cost what it may in time, treasure, and blood.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

SIX BATTLES IN A WEEK.

We give below the names of the localities of the various battles which were fought by the contending armies before Richmond, during the week ending July 1:

Thursday, June 26—Battle of Mechanicsville.
Friday, June 27—Battle of Gaines's Mills.
Saturday, June 28—Battle of the Chickahominy.
Sunday, June 29—Battle of Peach Orchard; battle of Savage's Station.
Monday, June 30—Battle of White Oak Swamp; battle of White Oak Creek; battle of Charles City Cross Roads.
Tuesday, July 1—Battle of Turkey Bend.

REBEL LOSSES THEREIN.

The rebel accounts of the late battles, published in the Richmond papers, admit a heavy loss on the side of the enemy, and would imply that they suffered terribly—far more so in dead than we did. The Richmond *Examiner*, for instance, states that out of one division of rebels engaged in Sunday's fight, only six thousand could be mustered, when fourteen thousand went into action. This exceeds by far any amount of loss which our records show, in the same number of men.

ANOTHER FIGHT.

General M'Clellan's army had another skirmish with the enemy on Friday last on our left wing, which resulted in the total defeat of the rebels, and the capture of one thousand of their men and three batteries. Our cavalry followed up the enemy through the White Oak Swamp.

A CALL FOR MORE TROOPS.

A document was presented to the President on 1st July, signed by the Governors of eighteen States—namely: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Michigan, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, and the "President of the Military Board" of Kentucky, stating that they were of one accord in the hearty desire that the recent successes of the Federal arms may be followed up by measures which must insure the speedy restoration of the Union; and believing that, in view of the important military movements now in progress, and the reduced condition of our effective forces in the field, the time has arrived for prompt and vigorous measures to be adopted by the people in support of the great interests of the country, they request that he shall call upon the several States for such numbers of men as may be required to fill up all military organizations now in the field, and add to the army such additional number of men as may be necessary to garrison and hold all of the numerous cities and military positions that have been captured by our armies, and to speedily crush the rebellion that still exists in several of the Southern States, thus practically restoring to the civilized world our great and good government.

To this appeal the President replied that he decides upon calling for 300,000 more troops, chiefly infantry; that he hopes they will be raised without delay, and that an order fixing the quota required from each State will be issued by the War Department at once.

CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG.

It is stated by the daily papers that after a bombardment Vicksburg has been captured by Com. Farragut's fleet. He ran by the batteries on Wednesday, receiving a raking fire as his boats passed, but without suffering any damage. Commodore Farragut, from below, and Captain Davis, from above, on the Mississippi River, are now in communication, and therefore the whole river, from Cairo to New Orleans, is in possession of our troops. Vicksburg was nearly destroyed by the shells from our gunboats, and it is said that General Butler is cutting a canal across the bend on which Vicksburg stands, which will change the channel of the Mississippi entirely at that point.

BRILLIANT AFFAIR AT CORINTH.

A brilliant affair has recently taken place at Booneville, below Corinth, between a party of Colonel Sheridan's Michigan cavalry and a superior body of the rebels. Colonel Sheridan, it appears, had only 728 men under his command, and although opposed to a force of 4700 rebels, succeeded in defeating the latter after a desperate fight, which lasted seven hours. The loss on our side was only forty-one killed, wounded, and missing. That of the enemy could not be ascertained, but it must have been heavy, because sixty-five dead were found upon the field. Major-General Halleck, in officially announcing this magnificent encounter, very properly recommends Colonel Sheridan for promotion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ANOTHER SECESH GROAN.

IN the British House of Commons, on the 19th of June, Mr. Lindsay, in postponing his notice on the subject of England's relations with America until Friday, 11th of July, expressed a hope that the Government in the mean time would see the necessity of recognizing the "independence" of the Confederate States, and of taking the matter out of the hands of private members, as it was "perfectly clear the Confederate States were now able to assert their independence."

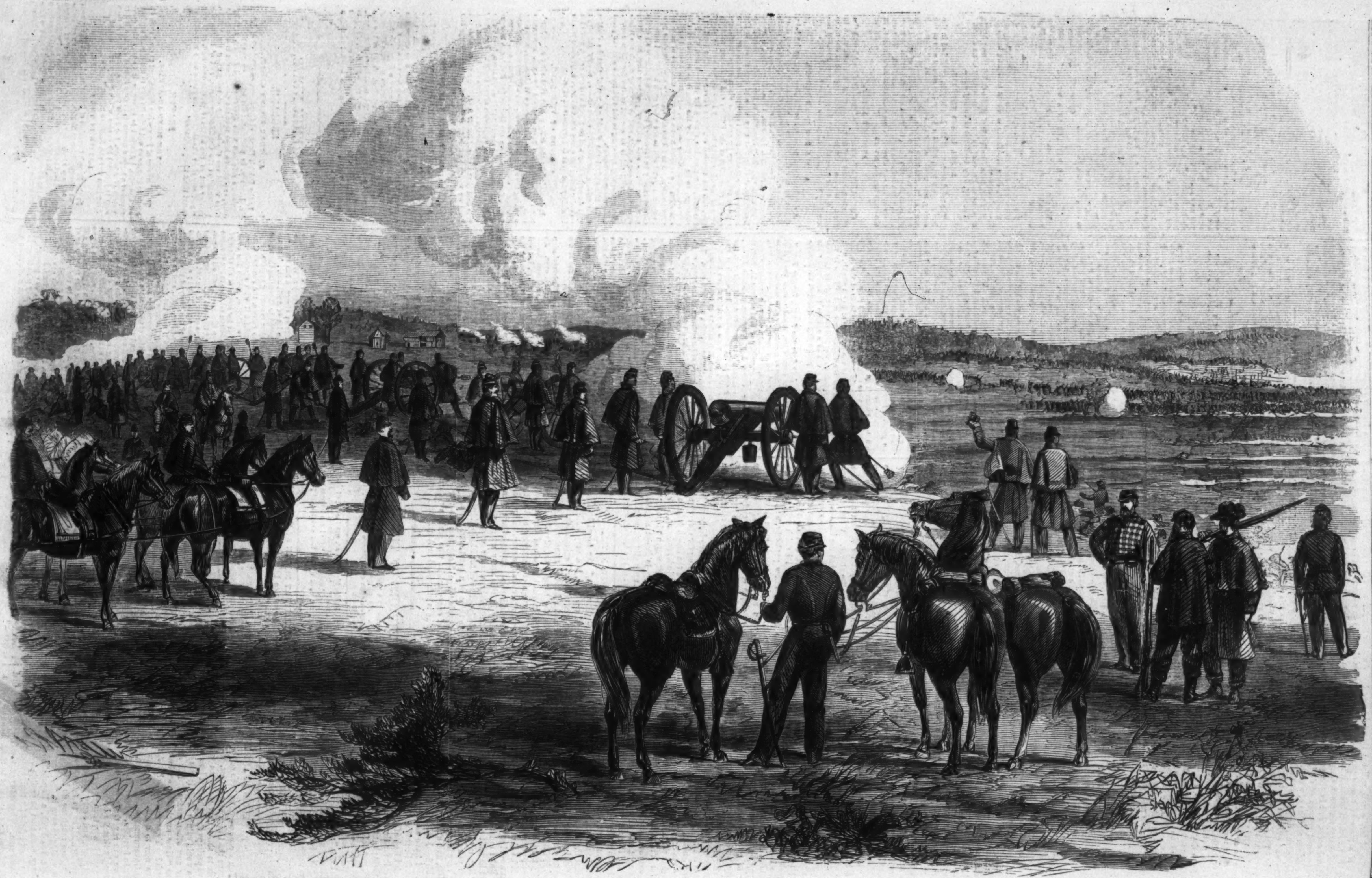
FRANCE.

THE MEXICAN AFFAIR.

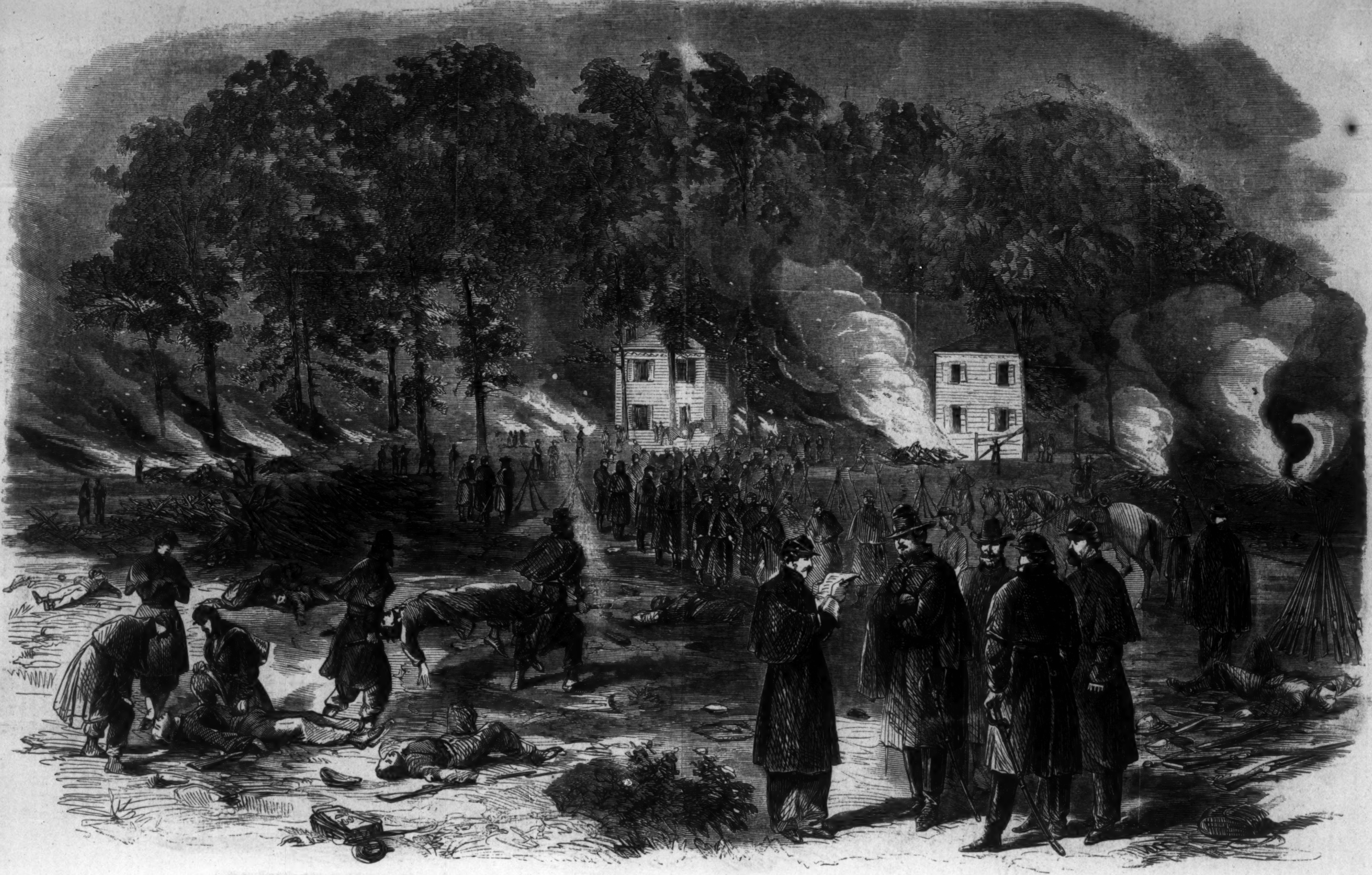
The Emperor of France has determined to send such an army to Mexico as will force its way to the capital against all obstacles. Admiral la Graviere is to take the command of a large concentrated naval force of France in the waters of America, the Paris *Patrie* saying that such a step is justified by events which "may arise out of the American war and Mexican affairs."

DEBATE IN THE CHAMBER.

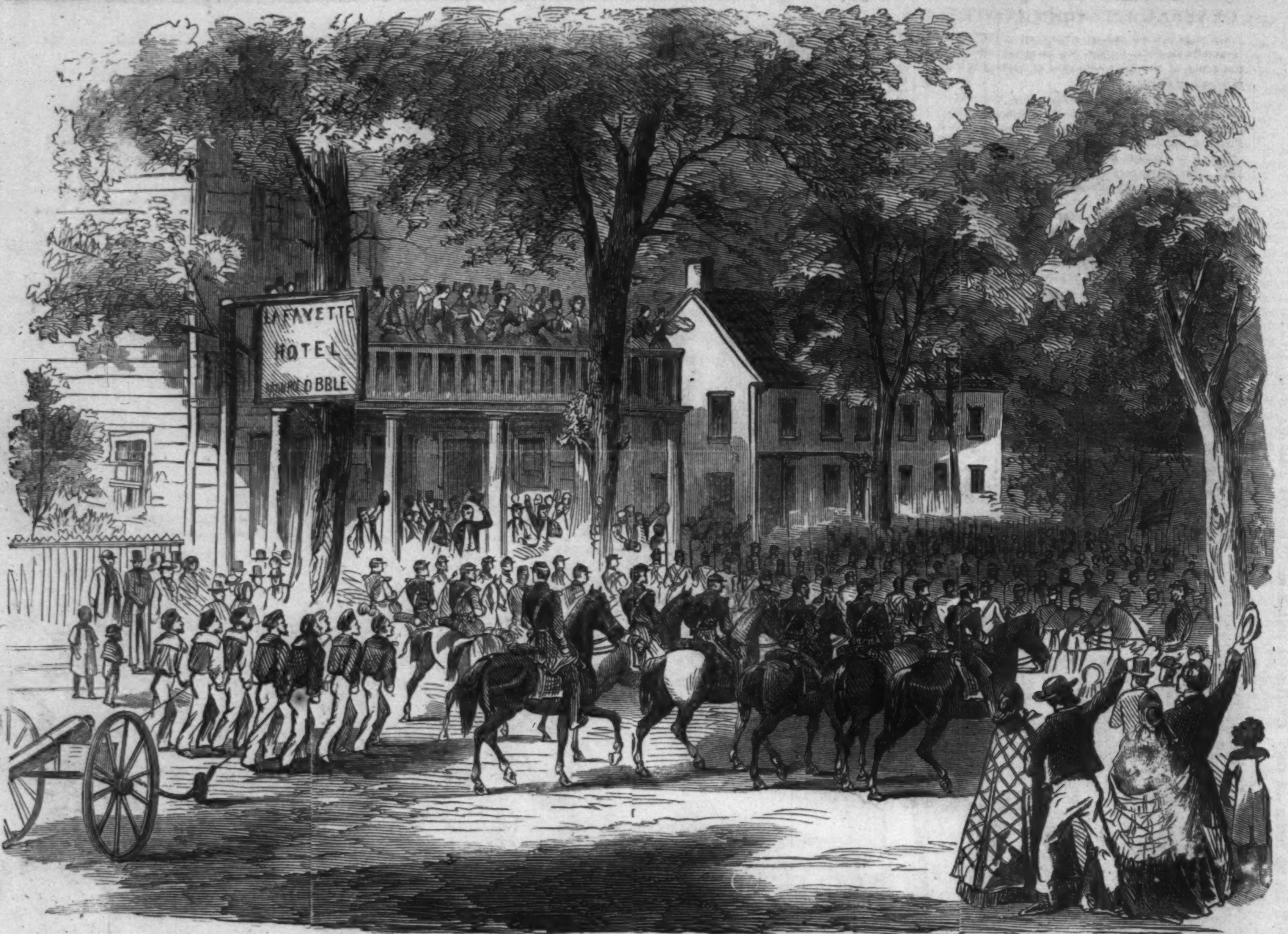
In the French Chamber of Deputies M. Jules Favre censured the expedition to Mexico, and demanded an explanation of its purport. He argued that the honor of France required that she should treat with Mexico and withdraw. M. Billault, in reply, said that France had insults to avenge upon the Juarez Government. He declared that the Emperor would leave the people entirely free, when the French flag floats over the capital of Mexico, to vote for whatever government they might choose.



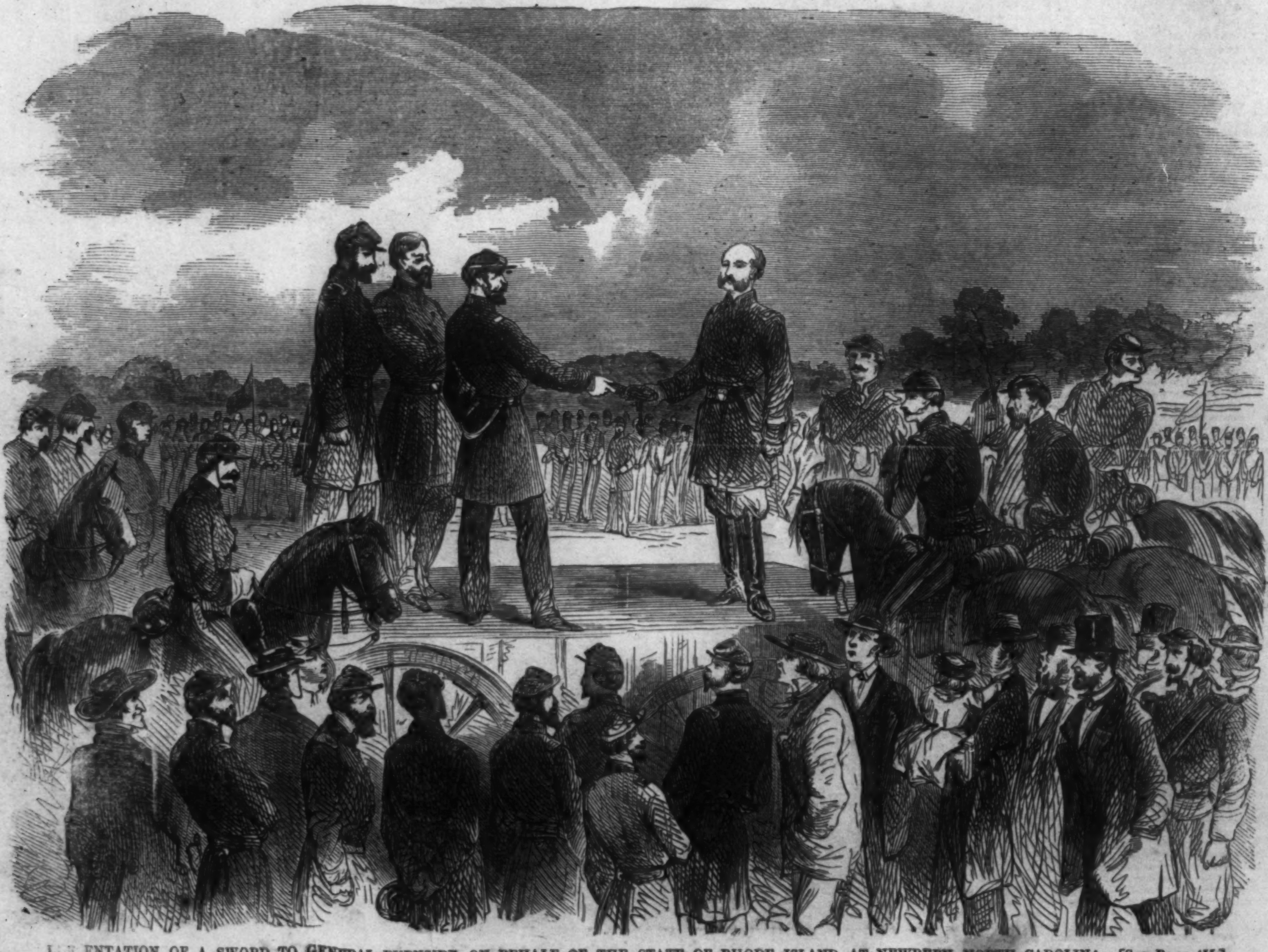
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAPTAIN DE HART'S BATTERY SHELLING THE REBEL ADVANCE AT THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILLS, JUNE 27, 1862.—[SEE PAGE 462.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BURYING THE DEAD, AND BURNING DEAD HORSES AT FAIROAKS STATION, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 463.]



RECEPTION OF GOVERNOR STANLY AT WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.—Sketched by Mr. A. Wiser.—[See Page 455.]



PRESENTATION OF A SWORD TO GENERAL BURNSIDE ON BEHALF OF THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, AT NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 455.]

GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

ON page 449 we publish a portrait of Brigadier-General Fitz-John Porter, commanding a corps in the army of the Potomac, from a photograph by M'Clees, of Philadelphia.

General Porter was born in New Hampshire about the year 1824, and is consequently about thirty-eight years of age. He graduated at West Point in the 4th artillery on 1st July, 1845, and obtained promotion to a first-lieutenancy in May, 1847. He accompanied General Scott to Mexico, and for gallant and meritorious conduct at Molino del Rey was brevetted Captain. At Chapultepec he again distinguished himself, and obtained the brevet rank of Major. At the fight at the Belen Gate he was severely wounded. On the return of the army to the United States he was appointed Assistant-Instructor of Artillery at West Point, which office he filled, we believe, until the outbreak of the rebellion.

On the increase of the army, in May, 1861, Fitz-John Porter was appointed Colonel of the new 15th infantry, and, three days afterward, Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His command was in the Army of the Potomac. He rendered useful aid to General M'Clellan in reorganizing the army after the battle of Bull Run, and was soon placed in command of a division. He accompanied the army to Yorktown, and was there placed in command of the siege-works. After the evacuation of the place he was for a while Governor of Yorktown, but soon resumed his place in the advancing army. On 25th June he commanded the extreme right of our army, and bore the brunt of the terrible battles of 26th and 27th. No better or braver soldier lives than Fitz-John Porter.

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE A. M'CALL.

GENERAL GEORGE ARCHIBALD M'CALL, whose portrait we give on page 449, is said to be wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. He was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1801, and is consequently over 60 years of age. He graduated at West Point, in the infantry, in 1822, and served many years in his regiment and likewise in the subsistence department. In the Florida war he won fame and his company under General Worth. At the outbreak of the Mexican war he served under General Taylor, and was brevetted Major for gallant conduct at Palo Alto, and Lieutenant-Colonel for the same at Resaca de la Palma. In December, 1847, he was promoted to a Majority, and in June, 1850, he became Inspector-General of the army with the rank of Colonel. On the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and served with Patterson in his inglorious campaign on the Upper Potomac. He was subsequently transferred to the army of the Potomac, where he obtained command of a division.

At the terrible battle of the Chickahominy on the 26th ult., General M'Call's division bore the brunt of the first day's fighting and behaved like heroes. Their commander is known to have been wounded, and, as his horse has been found riderless, it is supposed that the gallant General fell into the hands of the enemy. We can not afford to spare so good a man.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

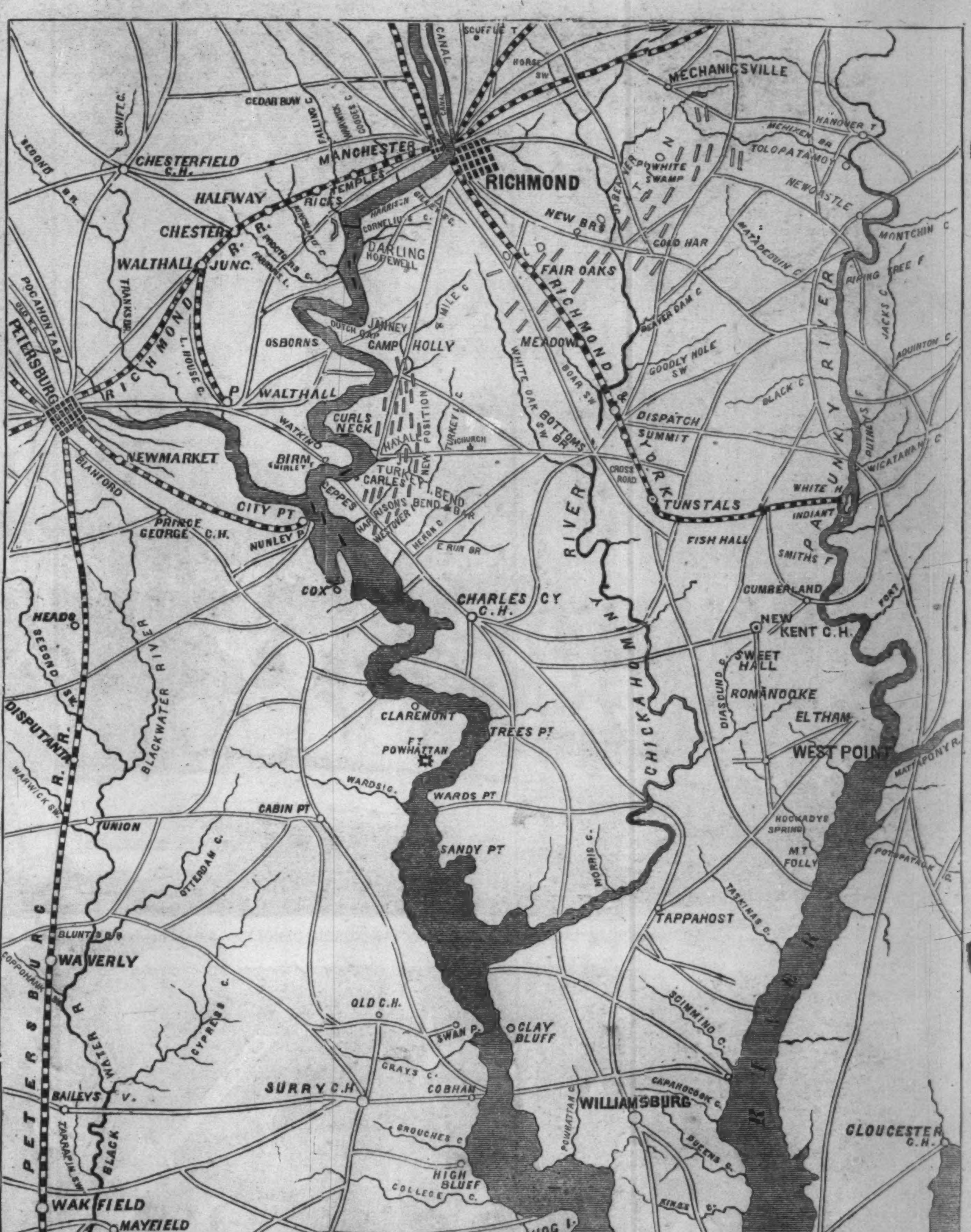
WE publish on page 454 a couple of pictures from North Carolina, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. Wiser. One of them represents THE RECEPTION OF GOVERNOR STANLY, OF NORTH CAROLINA, AT WASHINGTON in that State. The Governor made a handsome address to the people, and was exceedingly well received.

The other picture represents the PRESENTATION OF A SWORD TO GENERAL BURNSIDE BY THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND. We condense the following account of the affair from the *Herald* correspondence:

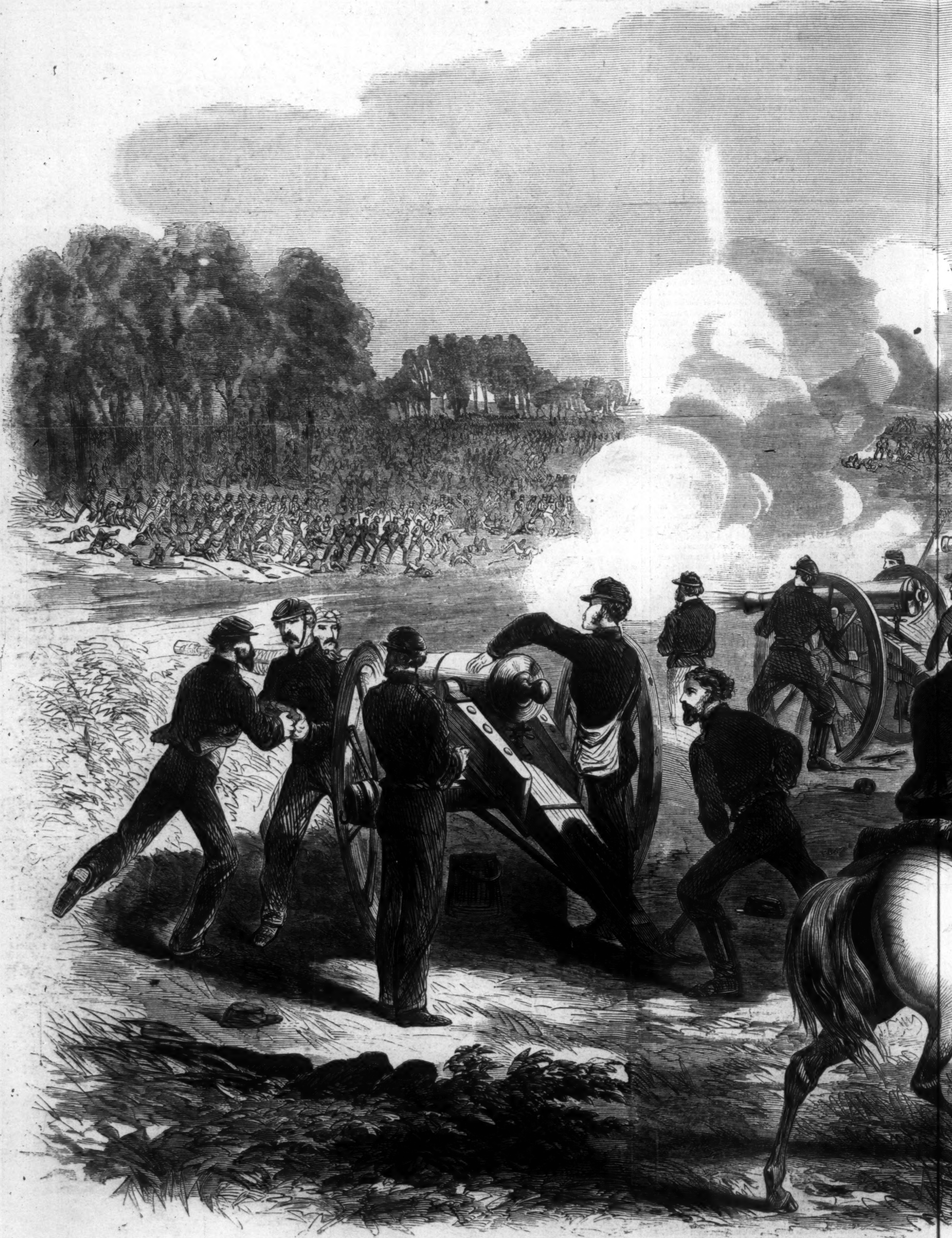
> The ground selected for the presentation and grand review of this portion of the corps d'armée was situated about half a mile from the railroad bridge. It is level, rather high, and large enough to permit the free movements of, as I before said, upward of fifty thousand men. For some time before the arrival of the first regiment the people began to gather. Five was the hour; but at five there were few of the regiments on the spot. Shortly after, however, a sight was presented to all the lookers-on that can never be effaced from their memories. From one corner of this large field, leading from the bridge, came long lines of artillery and cavalry, while from every side came pouring in, to the strains of joyous music, regiment after regiment, who, after marching into the space, took up their positions and awaited further orders.
>
> The appearance of the General was signaled by a salute of fifteen guns, fired by Captain Belger's Rhode Island battery. He, with his staff, almost immediately proceeded to the centre of the field, where a sort of platform was erected on one of the caissons. The army was drawn up, forming a hollow square, or rather squares within squares, in the centre of which were the staff officers of the different generals, who were also present. On the platform there were but four persons—General Burnside and Commodore Rowan to represent us, and General Maurau and aid on the part of Rhode Island. After the usual military salute, given along with the muttered thunder of the arms, General Maurau approached General Burnside, bearing in his hands the magnificent gift.

He made a handsome speech to General Burnside, in reply to which the latter said:

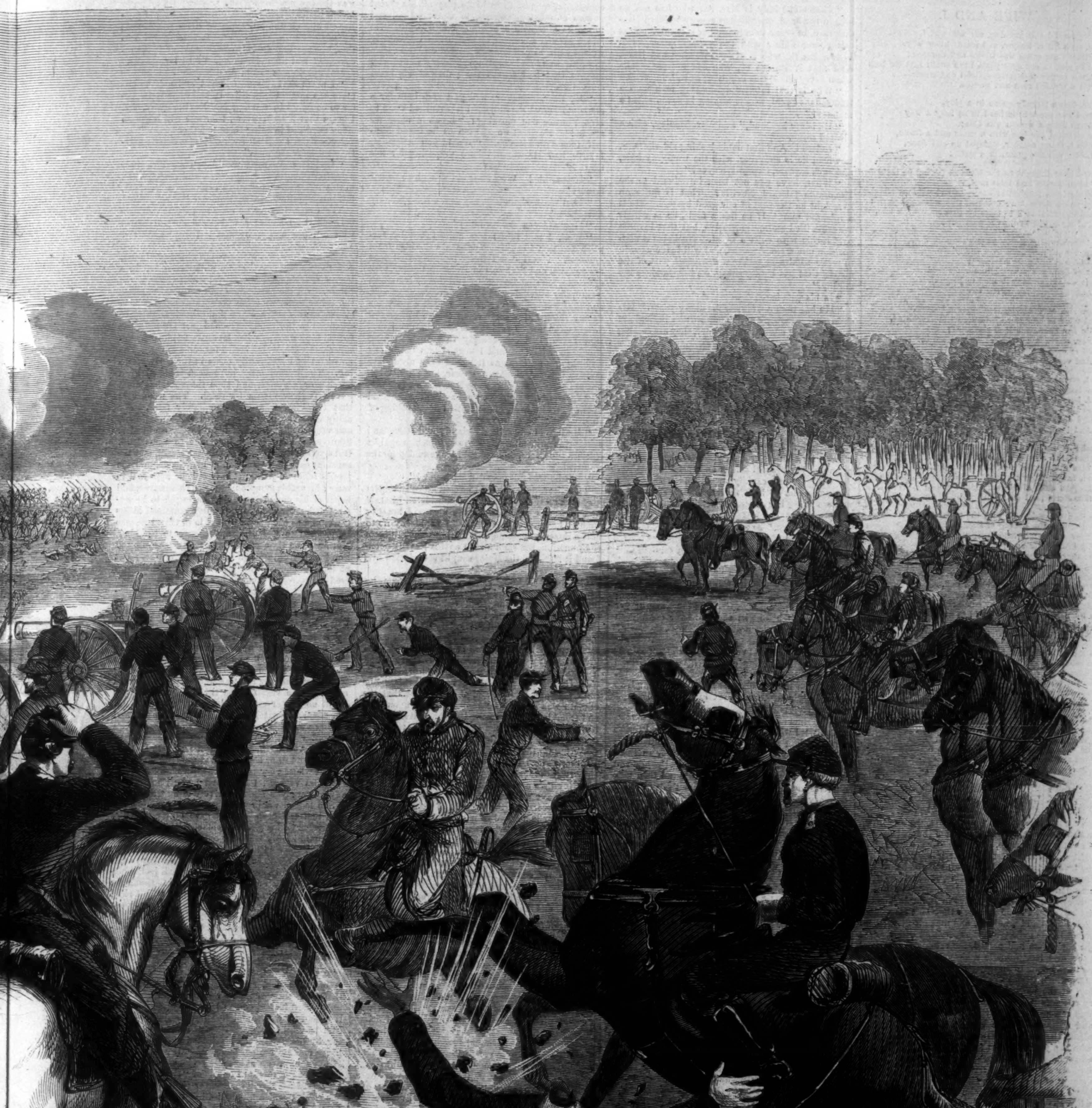
> In behalf of this gallant little army which surrounds you, I beg through you to thank the State of Rhode Island for this gift, given in appreciation of our services at the "Battle of Roanoke." Your excellent Governor has most fittingly said that the services of this army have been in this manner remembered through its commander. Without the skill, courage, patience, and fortitude of the general officers, field and staff officers, company officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of this *corps d'armés*, together with the full and hearty co-operation of our gallant navy in these waters, the State of Rhode Island would have been deprived the pleasure of giving, and I debarred the proud satisfaction of receiving, this elegant sword.
>
> The ceremony took up but a short time, and at its conclusion a cheer was raised by the men that rivaled in force the salvos of artillery that heralded the approach of the much beloved commander of our forces. Not content with giving vent to their feelings once, it was repeated and repeated, the woods throwing back the echo, until one would almost fancy a whole State had raised up its voice—and may be it will soon—and that, too, for the good old Union.
>
> The General buckled on the sword, and, standing on the same place, remained there until the whole army had passed in review.


MECHANICSVILLE
RICHMOND
MANCHESTER
CHESTERFIELD C.H.
HALFWAY
CHESTER
WALTHALL JUNC.
PETERSBURG
RICHMOND R.R.
DARLING
CAMP HOLLY
OSBORNS
WALTHALL
CURLS NECK
BIRN
NEWMARKET
CITY PT
PRINCE GEORGE C.H.
NUNLEY P.
COX
TURKEY BEND
HARRISONS BAR
NEW POSITION
FAIR OAKS
NEW BR.
COLD HAR
MEADOW
WHITE OAK SWAMP
DISPATCH
SUMMIT
TUNSTALS
RICHMOND & YORK R.R.
HANOVER T.
TOLOPATAMOY
NEWCASTLE
MONTCHIN C.
PIPING TREE F.
WHITE H.
INDIANT
FISH HALL
SMITHS F.
CUMBERLAND
NEW KENT C.H.
SWEET HALL
ROMANCOKE
ELTHAM
WEST POINT
PAMUNKY RIVER
CHICKAHOMINY RIVER
CHARLES CY C.H.
CLAREMONT
FT POWHATTAN
TREES PT
WARDS PT
CABIN PT
SANDY PT
HEADS
DISPUTANTA
BLACKWATER RIVER
UNION
BLUNTS B.
WAVERLY
OLD C.H.
SWAN P.
CLAY BLUFF
SURRY C.H.
COBHAM
BAILEYS V.
TAPPAHOST
WILLIAMSBURG
CLOUCESTER C.H.
HIGH BLUFF
WAKFIELD
MAYFIELD
HOG I.
BACON CASTLE
IVOR
FEARNS V.
YORKTOWN
MULBERRY
WARWICK C.H.
CLOUCESTER
ZUNI
SMITHFIELD C.H.
WINSOR
JAMES RIVER
YORK RIVER
BIG BETHEL
HAMPTON
FTS MONROE
SEWELLS PT
SUFFOLK
NANSEMOND R.
HAMPTON ROADS
NORFOLK & PETERSBURG R.R.

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE OLD AND NEW POSITIONS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GRIFFIN'S AND MARTIN'S BATTERIES POURIN



ING CANISTER INTO THE REBEL RANKS AT GAINES'S MILLS.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

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WIFE AND I.

WE quarrel'd this morning, my wife and I,
We were out of temper, and scarce knew why,
  Though the cause was trivial and common;
But to look in our eyes you'd have sworn that we both
Were a couple of enemies spiteful and wroth—
  Not a wedded man and woman.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,
Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a way
  As so little a woman was able;
She clenched her lips with a sneer and a frown,
While I, being rougher, stamped up and down,
  Like a careless groom in a stable.

You'd have thought us the bitterest (seeing us then)
Of little women and little men,
  You'd have laughed at our spite and passion;
And would never have dreamed that a storm like this
Would be rainbow'd to tears by that sunlight, a kiss,
  Till we talked in the old fond fashion.

Yet the storm was over in less than an hour,
And was followed soon by a sunny shower,
  And that again by embraces;
Yet so little the meaning was understood
That we almost felt ashamed to be good,
  And wore a blush on our faces.

Then she, as a woman, much braver became,
And tried to bear the whole weight of the blame,
  By her kindness herself reproving;
When, seeing her humble, and knowing her true,
I all at once became humble too,
  And very contrite and loving.

But, seeing I acted an humble part,
She laughed outright with a frolic heart—
  A laugh as careless as Cupid;
And the laughter wrangled along my brain
Till I almost felt in a passion again,
  And became quite stubborn and stupid.

And this was the time for her arms to twine
Around this stubbornest neck of mine,
  Like the arms of a maid round a lover;
And, feeling them there, with their warmth, you know,
I laughed quite a different laugh: and so
  The storm (as I called it) was over.

So then we could talk with the power to please;
And though the passing of storms like these
  Leaves a certain fond facility
Of getting easily angry again,
Yet they free the heart and rebuke the brain,
  And teach us a rough humility.

You see we love one another so well,
That we find more comfort than you can tell
  In jingling our bells and corals;
In the fiercer fights of a world so drear,
We keep our spirits so close and clear
  That we need such trivial quarrels.

In the great, fierce fights of the world we try
To shield one another, my wife and I,
  Like brave strong man and woman;
But the trivial quarrels o' days and nights
Unshackle our souls for the great fierce fights,
  And keep us lowly and human.

Clouds would grow in the quietest mind,
And make it unmeet to mix with its kind,
  Were Nature less wise as a mother;
And with storms like ours there must flutter ou
From the bosom the hoarded-up darkness and doubt—
  The excess of our love for each other!

THE MAJOR'S DAUGHTER.

IT was rather a gay scene at the judge's house, in Kurrackpore, at the beginning of the cool season, about three years ago. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the guests were arriving fast, so that the broad open space in the front of the house was crowded with buggies and palkis, and their swarthy attendants.

Society generally stagnates in India during the hot season. People exist as they best can—close their blinds and windows, and make it their grand object in life to keep out the scorching winds. But the hot season had passed, the rains had come and gone, and Kurrackpore society roused itself from its torpid state to an interchange of friendly meetings, which were to be inaugurated by this assembly, at the house of Mr. Grove, the judge. Every one was there; that is to say, every one who was recognized as any body at all, both civilian and military. There was an additional interest about the party, because the Major's daughter, who had just come out from England, was expected to make her first appearance there: and as young ladies were a decided novelty, there was a great amount of amusing speculation about her.

"I think I shall consign Miss Vinrace to you when she comes," Mrs. Grove said to the wife of a young civilian. "You must make her know every body: and I can trust you for finding out what she is made of," she added, laughing.

"Don't give me credit for too much penetration," rejoined Mrs. Stanley; "but I suppose she is little more than a school-girl?"

"It will be a wonder if she reaches your standard. But here she comes with the Major and his wife." And the busy, kind-hearted Mrs. Grove started up to receive them.

Major Vinrace was tall and portly, his hair was almost white, and his face beamed with kindness and good-humor. His wife looked pleasant and matronly, but rather worn with a long Indian life. Every one turned to look at Clara Vinrace, and every one looked twice. The sight of the bright young girl, fresh from England, brought a home-feeling to all their hearts. She was slight and fair, with soft brown hair, taken back simply from her face, and a bright color in her cheeks, but the eyes formed the great charm of her face, such merry, honest eyes—there was no resisting them. She was dressed in simple white muslin, with sash and trimmings of blue, and altogether formed a delightful contrast to the more gorgeous toilet of some of the elder ladies.

Miss Vinrace was soon engaged for the next quadrille, and, after dancing till she was tired, she found herself seated quietly on a couch by Mrs. Stanley, who amused her with rapid and good-humoredly satirical sketches of the different people as they passed near them.

"That stout lady is Mrs. A., who has not an idea in her head, or sufficient energy to learn Hindustanee, in order to manage her servants. That tall young officer with the yellow mustache is Lieutenant B., who is always making bad jokes. And that is Ensign C., who can not see a joke when every one else is laughing at it."

"Who is that intellectual-looking man with a tremendous beard, who is talking in so animated a manner?"

"He is my husband," said Mrs. Stanley, with a pleased smile.

"Indeed! And that noble-looking elderly man, to whom he is speaking, with the iron-gray hair, and such earnest, expressive eyes?"

"What, have you not been introduced to the Honorable Edward Neville? That is quite an oversight on the part of our good hostess. He is a splendid man. If he has a fault, he is a little too self-willed and authoritative, but that is quite pardonable with such a mind. He holds a high position under Government, and will leave us soon to settle affairs in rather a disturbed part of the district that has hardly got quieted down since the mutiny."

"Is his wife here?"

"He has been a widower for many years. His children are growing up. They are now in England finishing their education. But see, they are coming toward us."

The two gentlemen joined them, and sought an introduction to Miss Vinrace. They were soon engaged in an animated conversation, in which Mrs. Stanley took an active part, for, as she often said, there was no one so well worth talking to as Mr. Neville in the station, and conversation was certainly her forte.

Miss Vinrace was by no means a silent listener, but took her part gracefully and modestly, where she felt sure of her ground, perfectly charming the others by her playful sallies and sprightly replies. An hour slipped rapidly away, and when Major Vinrace came to look for his daughter, he was amused to see her so soon at home among her new friends.

"Well, Clara," he said, "and how do you like your first trial of Indian life?"

"I am quite delighted, papa," she replied, bidding them farewell with a pleased smile.

In short, Clara Vinrace became quite the rage at Kurrackpore, and in riding-excursions, tiffin-parties, and picnics, she and Mrs. Stanley were constant companions. Mrs. Stanley thought her the most delightful girl she had ever seen, with such sterling sense, united to such sweetness of temper and grace of manner.

Mr. Neville seemed very much of the same opinion, and finding in the society of this young girl the pleasantest relaxation from his grave duties, he became much more sociable than his wont, and, to every body's surprise, joined in all the pleasure-making excursions.

Some time after the evening spent at the judge's house, with which my story begins, Miss Vinrace was spending a few days with Mrs. Stanley. It was just after the second breakfast—for in India all who have any regard for health and enjoyment rise early, have a slight breakfast, and then take exercise in the cool morning air, and return to the ordinary meal. Mr. Stanley had left the ladies for his usual magisterial work, and they were sitting out in the veranda, reveling in letters and the new periodicals which had come in by the mail that morning. They were too much absorbed to hear approaching footsteps, and by a singular coincidence Clara was in the act of exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Stanley! here is a passage that would just suit Mr. Neville—I should like to watch his face when he reads it" when Mr. Neville himself stood before them. Of course Clara blushed, and looked very pretty in her momentary confusion, but she readily got out of her difficulty by saying gayly, "How very fortunate, Mr. Neville! I have no sooner expressed a wish than I find the opportunity of having it fulfilled;" to which Mr. Neville replied, "That he was only too glad to be able to gratify any wish of Miss Vinrace, and to prove her very great powers of discrimination;" and so they immediately proceeded to read and discuss the subject in hand. After half an hour had slipped away unconsciously, Mr. Neville started, looked at his watch, and turning to Mrs. Stanley, said:

"But I must not forget my errand. I came to ask you and Miss Vinrace to join in a picnic tomorrow, of my getting-up. It is a general holiday—a Hindoo festival; the courts will be closed, and we may as well make the best of the time. What do you say to a sail on the Chilka Lake?"

"Oh, it would be delightful!" cried Clara; "there is nothing I like better than a sail."

"You getting up a picnic, Mr. Neville! Well, this is wonderful!" said Mrs. Stanley, with an arch smile. "But can you really manage it?"

"Oh yes, some of us can ride, and those who prefer it may take palkis. I shall send my people on with a tent and provisions. Indeed, I will take no refusal, so don't let me see you hesitate. I am on my way now to make arrangements with Stanley."

"Thank you, Mr. Neville, you really carry all before you. I am sure we shall enjoy it beyond every thing."

Clara said she must get papa's and mamma's consent; so a messenger was immediately sent, who returned with a note from Mrs. Vinrace to the intent that she would be very glad for Clara to have the pleasure, and she would trust her dear girl to Mrs. Stanley's care.

The picnic came and went. To Clara it was like a new revelation. The gorgeous beauty of the Indian scenery, the magnificent luxuriance of vegetation, the magic painting of butterfly and bird, all heightened and enhanced by the intelligent comments and explanations of Neville and the Stanleys, made the day pass like a dream of wonder and delight. It was specially the attentions of Neville that effected the charm, for he generally found his place by her side; and contact with the fresh and energetic soul of his young companion seemed to call into play all his varied powers of mind and graces of conversation, and to clothe him with a new vigor and youth. He forgot his fifty summers, or remembered them only with a sigh, to call himself an old fool, and then to return and lose himself more deeply in the new interest that had stirred the pulses of his heart once more.

"My dear, my dear, will you step here for a moment?" cried the Major, in a perturbed voice to Mrs. Vinrace one morning: "here's a mess we are in!" He went on as soon as he found himself alone with his wife. "Would you believe it, I have had Mr. Neville here proposing for our Clara?"

"Impossible! Why he is old enough to be her father!"

"That's just where it is, my dear—it is perfectly ridiculous."

"How did you answer him?"

"Well, I told him I was quite taken by surprise, but that I could not entertain the idea for a moment. I said that I knew perfectly well that his position and that sort of thing was every way desirable, but that I considered all these advantages were quite overbalanced by the difference of age, and that I should never consider such a marriage as any thing but a sacrifice on the part of one so young as Clara. I said it was most unfortunate—that I regretted exceedingly that such a thing should ever happen, and I begged him not to say any thing to Clara, as it would only needlessly distress her. And now, my dear, have I not expressed your sentiments as well as my own?"

"Yes, quite, I think you are acting for the good of our dear child. I hope she will hear nothing of this. But what did he say?"

"He looked exceedingly cloudy and stern, and said it was quite unnecessary to caution him against speaking to Clara, as he should leave to-day for the Mofussil."

"But he was not offended with you?"

"Oh dear, no. He said he could hardly expect me to take a different view, and considered himself presumptuous to entertain the idea. I heartily wish it had never happened. I could say no to half a dozen young puppies without the slightest compunction, but such a man as this Neville—confound it!" And the Major sought consolation in a cheroot.

Morning light found Edward Neville many miles from Kurrackpore, and Clara, who was fast learning to refer every thing to his opinion—to measure every day's enjoyment by the time he had spent in her company—to find the society of other men a burden in contrast to his refined and gentlemanly attentions—when she heard of his sudden departure, without a word of farewell, felt that a cloud had fallen over her spirit which she could not shake off. Her parents guessed nothing of all this. She grew pale and listless, and they thought that the climate was already beginning to tell upon her, and trembled for her future health. Mrs. Stanley had already divined the cause, and she, too, wondered greatly at Neville's conduct.

Acting for their child's good, the Major and Mrs. Vinrace ruined her happiness by the very means they took to secure it. Had they only told her of Mr. Neville's attachment, she would, in all probability, have acquiesced quietly in their decision, living in secret on the thought of being loved by one whom she deemed so noble and wise. But, as it was, she was utterly distressed and perplexed—distressed, on the one hand, that she had been betrayed into any thing so unwomanly as to lose her affections to one who did not seek them—bitterly disappointed, on the other hand, that her hero should prove himself less worthy of the reverence she had felt. Either she had been forward, or he had been trifling, and both were equally hard to believe. Did he think of her as a mere child? Then why had he paid her such deference?—why had he shown such deep interest in all she said and did? A mere acquaintance would have called to say good-by. A *friend* would never have treated her so. Thus troubled and perplexed her health gave way, and though she struggled hard to maintain her usual cheerfulness, and to be all that her parents wished, still every one could perceive a change. The Major and Mrs. Vinrace, fearing that she could not stand a hot season, had already determined that she should return to England, and remain under the care of the aunt who had brought her up, and it was arranged that she should travel under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Grove, who were going home on furlough. She was spending a few days with Mrs. Stanley for the last time, as she expected to leave for Calcutta in a few weeks.

They were sitting quietly together when Mr. Stanley rushed in in an excited state:

"Frank, what *is* the matter?" cried his wife.

"I have had dreadful news: poor Neville has been nearly murdered in his bed."

"Horrible!" cried Mrs. Stanley, as she instinctively rushed to Clara, who looked so ghastly white that she expected to see her faint away, but she sat still and speechless as a statue.

Mr. Stanley went on.

"The worst of it is, he is quite alone, without a European near him, and there is not a moment's dependence to be placed on those dastardly natives. I propose taking our doctor immediately, and going to him myself. The matter must be inquired into without delay. The Commissioner agrees with me, and will send a military guard at once."

"I will go with you, Frank."

"Well, perhaps it will be best. I have given orders for a dawk to be laid, and we will start at once."

A *chuprassie** was dispatched to the barracks, and Mrs. Vinrace came to fetch her daughter. She was shocked at the intelligence, and still more shocked at the effect it seemed to have upon Clara, and she took an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Stanley about her. In the fullness of her heart she told her about Mr. Neville's unfortunate rejection.

"Ah, I see it all," Mrs. Stanley said. "This was the cause of his leaving so abruptly, and now he has been exposing himself to dangers, and drawing on himself the animosity of these treacherous natives. Frank is determined to sift it to the bottom, but the first thing to be thought of is his recovery;" and then she added, "for Clara's sake."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Stanley?"

"I mean that this attachment and not the climate has made Clara ill. It had gone quite too far to be cured by sending Mr. Neville away, and I mean that if he recovers, I for one will leave no stone unturned to bring them together again."

"My dear, I call all such disproportionate marriages a mere sacrifice."

"Oh! Mrs. Vinrace, would you sacrifice your daughter's health and happiness, and perhaps life, to this idea? In most cases I think you are right, but this is quite an exceptional one."

There was time for no more; a parting embrace between the friends; a whispered entreaty from Clara, "You will write and tell me," and Mrs. Vinrace took her daughter away.

The Stanleys reached D—— in about ten hours, and they found Mr. Neville still living, but in a very low state after the fearful event of the night before. All the particulars they could learn about the crime were, that Mr. Neville awaked from a swoon, as it is supposed, to find himself frightfully wounded in the head. He had just strength left to call his servants, when he again fell into an unconscious state, which lasted for some hours. The murderer had apparently come in the early morning. The wound must have been inflicted by a hatchet or a sword, and then the wretches must have left their victim for dead. The wonder is that the blow was not immediately fatal. For many days the danger appeared to be imminent, and very slender hopes of his recovery could Mrs. Stanley hold out in her first note to her friend. But by degrees, through the doctor's skill, and the constant care and attention of his friends, and the perfect stillness and quiet enforced, he appeared to rally; favorable symptoms showed themselves, and hopes of his complete restoration began to be entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley remained in his place, and as soon as he was able to travel he was to proceed to Calcutta, and thence to England. Not for some time after conversation was allowed him had he ventured on the name of Vinrace; but at length, finding that Mrs. Stanley had discovered his secret, he sought her womanly sympathy and counsel. She would not, for any thing, betray Clara; yet she managed to give him some gleam of hope, and he determined, should his health be fully restored, to try again.

The last boat had put off from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Vectis*, bearing Major Vinrace back to the pier, and the engines had already begun to work; but though the air was sultry, and the sun was scorching, Clara would not leave the vessel's side till her straining eyes could no longer catch sight of her father's form. She stood alternately waving her handkerchief and wiping away her tears, regardless of Mrs. Grove's entreaties that she would come away into the shade. At length, as the town began to look indistinct and dim, her hand was gently taken, and a voice whose very tone thrilled through her, said:

"Miss Vinrace, I can not let you remain here any longer; you must positively come with me."

She looked up in utter astonishment, and her eyes met the deep, earnest gaze of Mr. Neville, and rested on his pale and emaciated countenance. She could hardly stammer out a word of greeting.

"Yes," he said kindly, in answer to her looks, "I am enough to frighten you; I am going to England to recruit, and then I hope I shall look something better than a skeleton. I have to thank the villains for leaving my face alone; as it is, I shall carry a scar to my grave, but it is fortunately out of sight."

He led her to Mr. and Mrs. Grove, who were delighted to find he was a fellow-voyager, and wondered what chance had brought them together. Mr. Neville explained that he had met Major Vinrace a few days before, and had had some conversation with him, and discovered to his pleasure that they were going in the vessel he had fixed upon—that he had come on board some hours earlier than they did, and had purposely kept below that he might not embarrass the moment of parting by his presence. He talked with all his old grace and animation, answering all Mr. and Mrs. Grove's inquiries about his accident and illness; about the unsuccessful efforts of "that incomparable fellow Stanley," to discover the perpetrator of the crime; and a hundred other topics of interest common to them all: and so the day wore on. Clara retired to rest that night with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day; with an undefined sense of happiness which she would not stop to analyze. She only felt that he was the same to her, and that this voyage, looked forward to with such unsupportable dreariness, would be brightened by the companionship she had feared to lose forever. She had consented to every thing that her parents proposed for her, and was willing to stay in England as long as they wished; for, with her present feelings, all places were alike to her. But she had felt acutely the parting with her parents, and with Mrs. Stanley, whom she might never see again, so changing and varied are the vicissitudes of Indian life.

They had a calm and pleasant voyage. Day after day slipped away in agreeable monotony. Mr. Neville and Clara were thrown much together. One day she was seated quietly on deck, watching the waves and the sea-birds, when he came to her, and placing himself by her side, "Miss Vinrace," he said, "you have never asked me why I left Kurrackpore so abruptly; you have never given me one reproachful word for my apparent neglect. Will you hear me patiently if I tell you all about it?"

Clara answered him with a look, and he went on: "I called on your father shortly after our excursion to the Chilka Lake, and told him—nay, Clara, do not turn away—I told him then of the depth of my attachment to you. He answered—

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* Anglicè, messenger.

how could I expect otherwise?—that the disparity of years between us made it quite impossible for him to consent, and begged me to think of it no more. I promised I would pursue the subject no further, for I feared that you, too, would be astonished at my presumption, and that, perhaps, after all, you looked on me more in the light of a father than a lover. I could not trust myself to see you once more, and to bid you good-by as a stranger, so I hurried the arrangements for my journey and went off at once. You know what happened next. As I lay between life and death your image was constantly before me, and I learned that love for you had indeed become part of my being. On my recovery I determined I would make one more effort to win you. Then I learned to my great grief that your health was impaired, and that you also were about to leave the country. I followed you and your father to Calcutta, and succeeded in meeting with him a few days ago, as he was taking your passage in the *Vectis*. He received me very cordially, came to see me at my hotel, and once more gave me a patient hearing. At last he consented to my speaking to you, and told me, if I could win your love, his objections should be quite withdrawn. He gave me this for you—" and Mr. Neville drew out of his pocket-book a note, which he placed in Clara's trembling hands. It ran thus:

> MY CHILD,—Let your own heart choose. If you love him, say Yes; and God bless you.
>
> YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

She sat looking at it some moments, and twisting it in her fingers, while her color came and went. "And now," said Mr. Neville, "I wait my answer. If you can give your happiness into my keeping, I will take it as a sacred trust. If you can not love me, say so frankly. To-morrow we touch at Point-de-Galle. I will stay there and wait for the next steamer, that you may not be embarrassed by my presence for the rest of the journey."

She pointed to her father's note in answer—"My heart has chosen," she murmured; and she smiled at him through gathering tears.

So he was not left behind in Ceylon, and when, six months afterward, they made the same journey together, it was as Mr. and Mrs. Edward Neville.

SANS CŒUR.

A DOVE sat shining on a tree,
  Above the nest which was her home,
Cooing her one note, while the sun
  Went down in heaven's dome.

A wild-cat sat in the grass below,
  In the air a merlin rose:
But the dove was too high for the cat to climb,
  And the hawk was too weak, I suppose.

A viper looked up with diamond eyes,
  And longed to be round her throat.
She could not abide such airs, she said,
  As always singing one note.

The hawk screamed, "She's too big for me;"
  The cat said, "She's too high for cats:
So I, to fill my vulgar maw,
  Must munch the mice and crunch the rats."

There came a man across the wood—
  Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And he shot the wild dove over the nest.
  "She was very good sport," said he.

A girl stood in the Hall that night,
  Shining over the ball-room floor;
And the rest were nearly dying with spite,
  For the men stood gazing by wall and door.

The wild-cat stood and twirled his mustache,
  The hawk left the card-room table,
And both were longing to carry her off,
  And only wished they were able.

And the viper came up, so smooth and lithe,
  Hanging on her partner's arm—
Came to call her, "My dove, my dear!"
  And to sneer at each girlish charm.

There came a man across the floor—
  Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And over and over again they danced,
  While the music lilted merrily.

The hawk and the wild-cat sneered and sighed,
  But the viper's remark came true,
"He never means to care for her,
  And she ought to have known it too."

The girl lies in the church-yard, dead;
  The dove hangs dead in the tree;
And he thought of both on his dying bed—
  "Alas! that seemed good sport," said he.

TOUJOURS FIDELE.

THE drawing-room was half in shadow; Vivia Baracole at the piano singing "Allan Percy;" the moon showing broad and redly through the trees, as though some of the Genii had hung out a huge transparency before his cloud palace; water coming in on the beach at the foot of the lawn with a low wash and ripple. "All sweet influences," thought Mrs. Ardway, acting as a sort of æsthetic cork-screw with which to let out the froth and foam of young Ottoman Velours's hesitating affection, and the more substantial sweets of an offer of himself and his half million to her daughter Est. And here she pinched the sofa cushion so hard, that had it been in the days of Balaam it must have spoken: not that she entertained spite against it as a cushion; on the contrary, she considered its purple velvet and embroidered stripes creditable. She was only thinking if it had been the round white arm of Est sitting over there in the bow-window, willfully wasting her opportunity while flirting with Phil Dayta.

Conversation was not in that dim window. Ideas were fast growing too many and too audacious, words too few and timid. Est was looking away at the water, her dark dress seeming a part of the shadow—arms and hands gleaming out white through her lace sleeves; a little tremor about the full, finely-cut lips; and the soft blue that I have sometimes seen on a pansy leaf showing in the gray eyes, into which Philip could never look without thinking of what he had somewhere read about "a clear shining after rain:" not that he could look into their depths at all just now; for rather than meet his eyes she had turned her head away till there was visible only the pink tip of one little ear. Suggestive tableau! Altogether a bad look-out for Ottoman Velours's slow declaration!

Came in together at that moment a breeze fresh from the roses and a voice—Grant Baracole's—

"Girls, get ready. Here is the boat!"

Vivia stinted her song. Mrs. Ardway bustled up to the bow-window.

"Est my dear, here is your 'nube.' Let me wrap it about your throat, and you must wear this cloak: really I shall insist upon it. She is always so careless: you will look after her, won't you, Mr. Velours?"

"I should do that," involuntarily answered Ottoman, with a bow.

Phil and Est hang out eye-signals of dismay. Phil is only home on furlough, leaves with the first gray glimmering of dawn to-morrow for his regiment. Can it be possible that Mrs. Ardway could have taken these circumstances into consideration?

Vivia, like the dear child that she is, came to the rescue.

"Mr. Dayta what are you thinking of? Will you be so rude as to let me go alone? Est, save a place for me while I go for my shawl." Her eyes saying all the time to Phil, "Now be a good child, and don't pout, and you shall see."

Mrs. Ardway looked uneasy. The barometer of her subtle instinct detected influences in the moral atmosphere unfavorable to her plans; but the girls were already on the beach, getting in with faint shrieks and squalls, dainty holding up of dresses, involuntary revealing of little feet and cycles. Vivia would not sit by Est; that honor she insisted on bestowing on Ottoman Velours, placing herself *vis-à-vis* to him, and Philip opposite Est—this spite of all remonstrances; for said she, in a rapid aside to Est,

"My dear child, don't you see that I am immolating myself to friendship? Why not let the sacrifice be complete? I am condemned to the society of two men who are in love with somebody else. Could any thing be more stupid? I have to keep in play the man who is my pet abomination. After that, what is the traditional honor of a seat in the stern? Really nothing."

Est smiled faintly. She could only feel that Philip was going, and a few words of farewell had been grudged them. The water broke in golden ripples about the sides of the boat, and quivered and glittered around them as if some water sprite were slipping strings of diamonds through her white fingers. Floating down with the swift tide, the men scarcely raised their oars, and the girls were singing under their breath.

Vivia leaned forward with her most dangerous smile.

"Mr. Velours, now is the time for our duet; don't you think so?"

And Ottoman, who was really a fine singer, fell at once into the trap. Est and Philip sat for the moment unwatched and forgotten.

Under the folds of her heavy cloak her hand was resting on the gunwale. It was seized, and held in a firm, warm clasp. She felt a ring slipped on her finger.

"It has a motto," said Philip, under his breath. "Toujours Fidèle." "Will you be? Are you strong enough? Dare you?"

Est answered by ever so slight a pressure of her little fingers; and then, frightened at her own boldness, tried to draw them away; and failing in that, looked up piteously and met a curious smile, half fond, half triumphant, that both vexed and pleased her. Meanwhile Ottoman and Vivia, in every imaginable key and cadence, implored some lady, given in the commencement, to sleep as well as she could under the circumstances; some one else made out a list of calls for the night-wind, and the rest of the company giggled, and whispered, and said "Beautiful!" and "Sweet!" in the wrong places. The water gurgled about them all gold and sparkle. Off under the shore it lay black and glassy still, bright gleams of light shooting up through it as if from the windows of some submarine palace. Est knew but one thing. With eye and hand Phil Dayta was asking if she loved him; and, spite of herself, "Yes" looked out to him from under her lashes.

Mrs. Ardway met them in the hall, looking as if her eyes had been thumb-screws. Est and Ottoman were together, he talking with a forty-stupid power, she listening graciously. Phil she thought seemed vexed and downcast, and smiled to herself in triumph as she laid a still white and dimpled hand on his arm.

"Captain Dayta, this is your last evening with us. I must have you to myself for a little while. Come and talk to me while I pour tea."

Phil went, with a rueful look at Est, who fidgeted and pouted at the other end of the room and smiled no longer on Ottoman Velours. Vivia came up, tea-cup and macaroon in hand.

"Est, please don't look cross if I borrow Mr. Velours, will you? But Lute and I have a dispute and a wager, and we want him as umpire."

In the inner layer of his being the recording angel doubtless heard him wish Vivia in Sahara, but by the time it had reached the outer layer said wish had crystalized into a bow and a polite "Certainly," and Est was free. She went over to Mrs. Ardway.

"Mother, another cup of tea, please. I couldn't make John either see or hear me, and Mr. Velours has gone off with Vivia."

Her floating dress touched Philip as she stood waiting. There was a knot of velvet at her collar, spangled and fringed with gold. By some rosy legerdemain of her quick fingers it was loosened and fell at Philip's feet.

"You may as well keep it," she said, indifferently.

He cast a glance at Mrs. Ardway. She was looking away. She neither heard nor saw.

"You will write?"

"Yes."

"Often?"

"As you."

"You will be firm—you will be—"

She raised her hand slightly, and the ring that he had slipped on her finger flashed out her answer.

"Toujours Fidèle."

Mrs. Ardway catching the hum of voices turned sharply around. Phil was twirling his mustache, Est drinking off her tea—(N.B.) without a grain of sugar! A tide of company and talk rolled up toward that end of the room, and opportunity for more than a parting look and a cool farewell cut off. The dawn separated them perhaps forever, and for all consolation these two poor souls had half a dozen hasty sentences, a pressure of the hand, and an implied promise. Meagre fare. Est scarcely thrived on it. Occasionally came a letter to Vivia from Phil.

Six lines for her, inclosing as many pages for Est. She read, reread, burned them in on her memory, but answered shyly enough, so many doubts and fears had our poor Est.

Presently Ottoman Velours's admiration frothed over in the long-expected declaration. The manner of it is worth recording. He had somewhere heard that impudence finds favor in the eyes of women—doubtless because they themselves are so deficient in the quality—and that to be appreciated one must first appreciate one's self. His formula, based on these two propositions, was as follows:

"Hem! Miss Ardway—that is, my dear Est—I think about the most snobbish thing that a gentleman can do is to keep a sweet girl in uncertainty, after he is sure that she is sweet upon him. I have noticed that you have been downcast lately, but, on my word, it is quite unnecessary. I am really very fond of you, and believe that you will make me the nicest wife in the world."

And it cost Est half an hour's explanation to convince him that, after a polite and gentle fashion, she was actually saying "No."

He went to Mrs. Ardway. That wise little Napoleon of a woman heard him with a smile. "She had been premature; girls didn't always know their own minds."

And then she laid down her parallels, and opened a siege on her own account.

Did Est draw the conclusions from any premises in her own heart; or was it gradually and adroitly suggested to her "that men were fickle if not deceitful, that young girls were apt to mistake gallantry for affection, that perhaps it was not altogether proper for a girl to think or speak of love at all, and that this much talked-of love might be rather the result than the cause of marriage. Witness Julia, who ran away with Frank Des Bottes and separated six months after; and see, on the contrary, Selina, who married Firkin with the large fortune, and is so happy, although he is such a diluted style of man."

The creed of the devil and Vanity Fair! Mrs. Ardway best knew whether or not it was indigenous in Est's heart. It had been two weeks since Phil's last letter; time enough for the growth of a whole crop of doubts. Ottoman Velours was there continually, and Est coldly submitted to his attentions. What matter to a blind man his surroundings! she thought. It will please mother, and why should I care? If I have only dreamed, the light is gone from the day, life from the air. It is indifferent to me.

On the day on which she arrived at this dreary conclusion Phil Dayta placed a little spangled knot over his heart and marched out to battle, murmuring, "Dear little Est, God bless her!" The bullets stormed about them with deadly whirr and rush. Two hostile regiments were in front, two on their right, and far away ominous volleys sounded on their left. Matters looked desperate. There was a letter with the spangled knot on Phil's breast. On the back it bore the name of Esther Ardway.

"If any of ours get out alive they will send it her," he thought, as one after another fell about him—the boys with whom he had played, the friends with whom he had grown up, the men he had learned to love.

Jack Lider came to him.

"Phil, dear old friend, shake hands, and give my love to your sister Bessie. We are all—"

The words were cut short by a bullet through the temples. He fell, his handsome curls dabbled and soaked in blood—the loyal and tender heart still forever. Phil blazed into sudden fury at the cruel sight.

"I should like to die," said to him his young brother Frank. "I am sick to death of this carnage. Jack is gone, and Eugene, and George!—and look! how our men fall like sheep, hemmed in in this cursed trap! I hope the next bullet may go through my heart."

"Revenge first, death afterward!" answered Philip, grimly.

Bullets came faster. The rush and whirr was incessant. Captain Willard was killed; Captains Bugbee and Reilly down; so were a host of other brave men. They had sent for reinforcements, with the word "that they would all die there together." There was no pause in the awful storm of fire that rained down on the devoted regiment. Only once it slackened, when some of the men sprang forward with cheers and yells, as if for the advance of reinforcements. Then, for a moment, the rebel regiment gave back; but now word passed from mouth to mouth that ammunition was failing.

"Then we will do as they did at Bunker Hill—take stones!" cried Phil.

"Ay, ay; the —st regiment never runs!" shouted a gigantic soldier, who had fought like a lion at his side all that fearful day.

Whistled something close by their heads. Frank reeled.

"I am struck, Phil. Kiss mother for me!"

Phil stooped to lift the bright young head to his shoulder. A shock—a sharp, stinging pain—a blinding flow of blood—and he fell beside his brother.

Perhaps it was at that very time that Est sat in the window, holding in her hand the flowers that Ottoman Velours had that morning sent her, and thinking how it would some day happen that she would yield to him a frigid, indifferent "Yes," simply to please her mother, and because she cared for nothing. The wind plowed up the smooth water in little foam-ridges, and swept with a cool rustle among the leaves. The daisies swayed in long, wave-like undulations, surging up like foam on the broad, black surface of a rock in the midst of the field. Perhaps it was all this beauty and fragrance that brought a new thought to Est.

How, if there had been such a love as she had dreamed, she would have endured even to the end; and suddenly she seemed to hear Philip's voice again: "Toujours Fidèle. Will you be? Dare you?" And all at once it burst on her like a revelation that Love was a divine truth—not a farce, a bargain, or a matter of calculation; and springing on her feet, she spoke out as if to an actual presence: "He *is* faithful, and I will be true to him and myself. I will! I will!"

Still no letter from Phil; only one from Vivia, saying that she had heard nothing. The next day Est rode herself to the little village office. Ottoman Velours joined her.

"News, Miss Ardway! We have had a battle at Williamsburg."

"Ah!" in the most languid of tones, for there was no letter for her in the box.

"Yes; the —st regiment was in it."

Color flashed at once to Est's face.

"It behaved nobly—stood two hours under the fire of more than double their number. Never read any thing more splendid; but they were terribly cut up, 'specially the officers. I see Phil Dayta's name is on the list of the— Why, what is the matter?" for Est was looking at him with ashy lips and eyes of horror.

"List of— Quick! quick! for God's sake tell me!—the list of what?"

"The wounded. He is—are you mad?" for Est burst from his detaining grasp like flame, and springing into her saddle, galloped home at a pace that her horse had never known before.

"Mother," she said, abruptly, as she met Mrs. Ardway in the hall; "Phil—Captain Dayta is wounded."

"Oh! is he?"

"Mother, will you order early lunch? I must catch the two o'clock train."

"For what?"

"I am going to him."

"To whom does your masculine pronoun refer? I hear your words but confess myself unable to understand them."

"Captain Dayta. I love him—he loves me—we are *fiancè*, and my place now is by his side."

Ethel seemed to hurl out these facts from her dry lips, look and tone showing how desperately in earnest she was.

Mrs. Ardway changed color.

"Esther Ardway, you are a lunatic! I shall prevent your going, if only in pity to yourself."

"Oh no, mother!" and the large gray eyes grew black with intense fire. "You mistake—you will do nothing of the sort. I give you my word, the word of an Ardway, that I have thoroughly weighed every word I say, and will abide by it. I am of age. You know whether I ever rebelled before; but now, if you proceed to extremities so will I."

The depths of the little woman's cool composure were broken up. Seeing Ottoman Velours (who had galloped after Est as soon as his astonishment would permit) come in at the gate, she sent for him, told him passionately of Est's resolution, and desired him to interfere. The crisis developed him in a new character—that of a man.

"Mrs. Ardway, I don't think the case one for interference. Phil is a good fellow, and behaved like a trump. I admire Miss Ardway's pluck, and if I can help her in any way I am quite at her service."

True greatness nowhere so exhibits itself as in defeat. An ordinary woman would have stormed and poured out her sorrows in Mrs. Grundy's ever ready ear. Mrs. Ardway did better. Cried two hours in her own room—that just to show that she was woman—came down then, serene as ever, in traveling costume. Est looked up surprised.

"My child," she said, with something like feeling, "I can not approve of your conduct, but I can not see you exposed to scandal and suspicion. I will go with you."

Soft-hearted Est melted at once in tears and contrition, and had not the carriage been at the door might have ended by staying at home. As it was, in process of time she dawned at Philip's bedside, seeming first to him an incredible angel, till he remembered the depth and fire of the nature that he had seen looking out of her clear gray eyes, and slowly began to believe in her humanity. Mrs. Ardway, however, he persistently considered a creature of his delirium till she said to him,

"Philip, my dear boy, you must rally all your strength, for you know we are going to take you home with us."

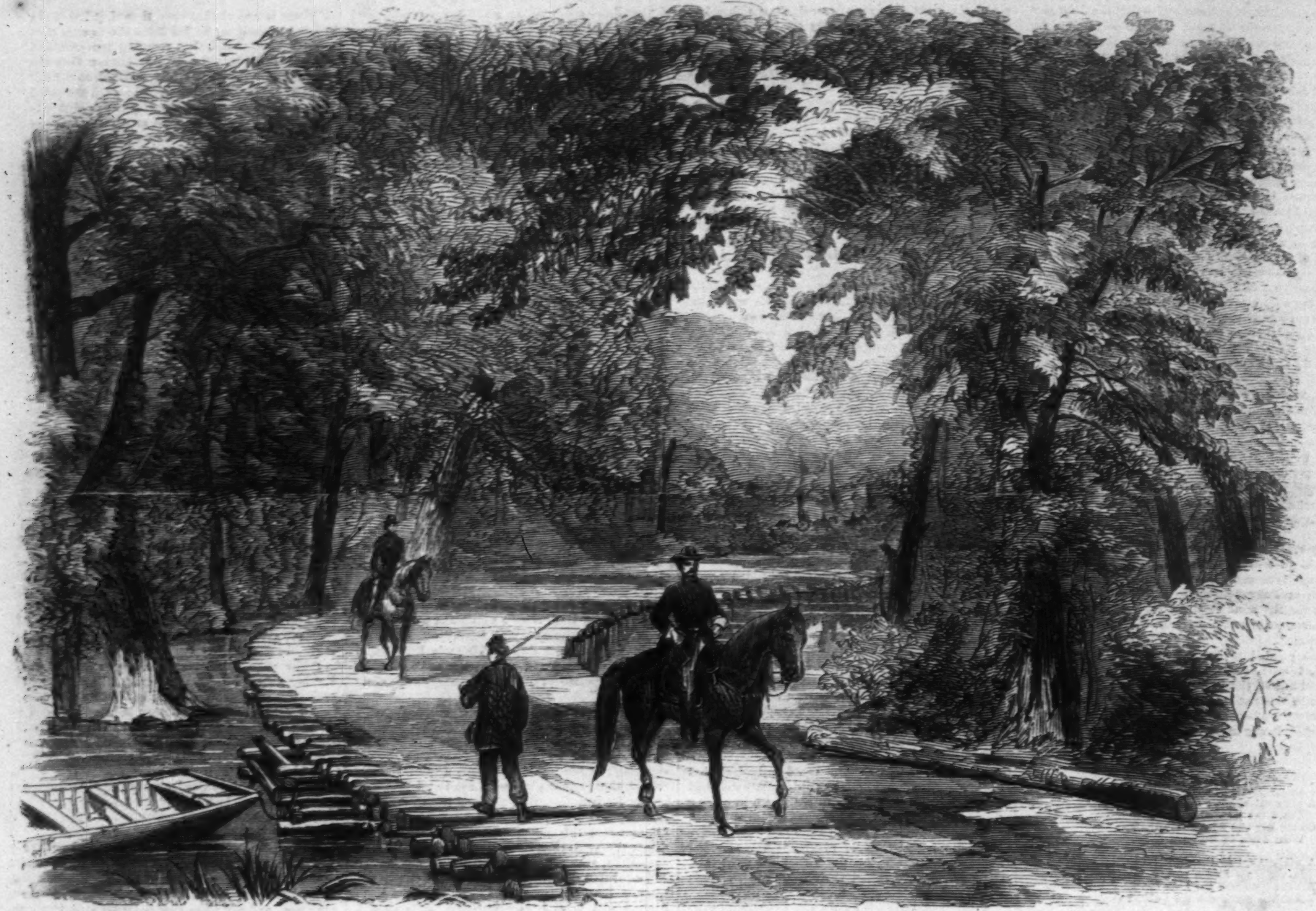
That convinced him. He was quite sure that even in his wildest ravings he could never have imagined that, and sank back at once with a comfortable sigh to the full enjoyment of his happiness.

Phil's wounds are doing well. The engagement and the approaching marriage are formally announced. Mrs. Ardway performs that office herself.

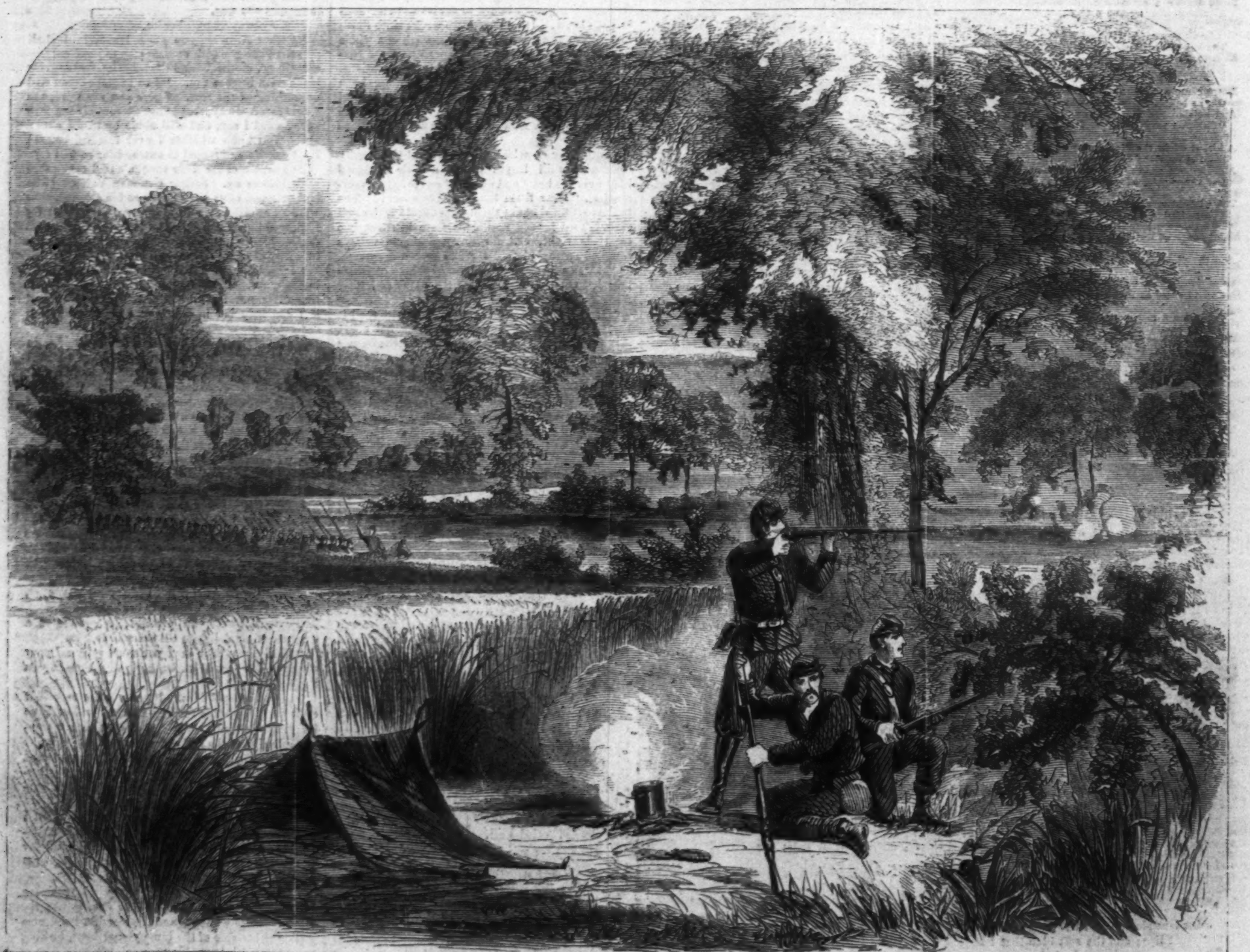
"Dear Est has made precisely the choice that I could have wished. Every one knows how attentive Mr. Velours has been, but I should wish for her something besides wealth. Captain Dayta is really a charming young man."

She goes about with them every where, doing the benignant-maternal. It is a pretty sight; the mother—little woman—and the slender, handsome girl on either side of the lame young hero, looking up at him with eyes of love and devotion.

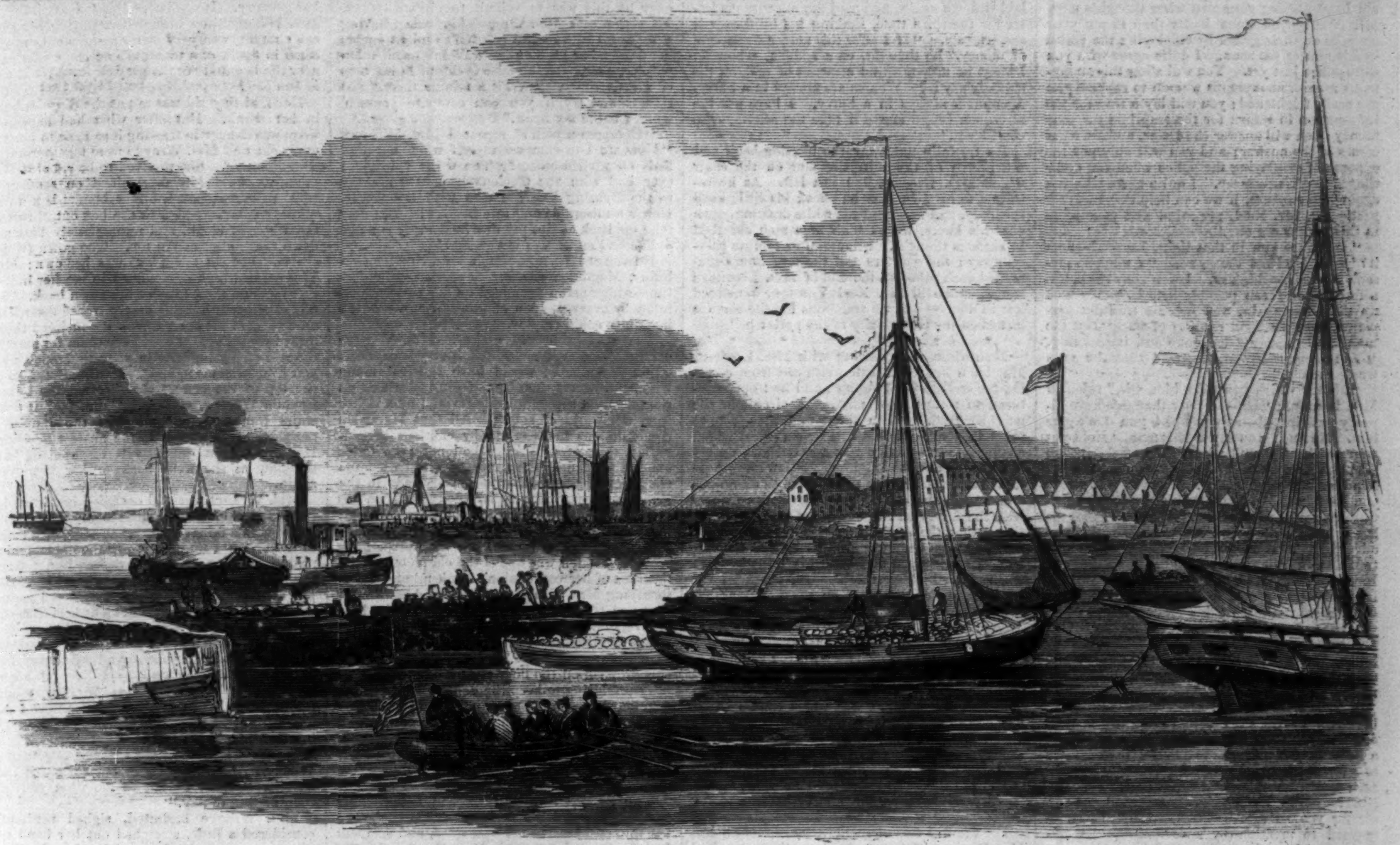
Reader, look out for them; they are often to be seen in Fifth Avenue and Broadway.



Bridge through the Chickahominy Swamp.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 463.]



A Picket on the Chickahominy—The Relief Approaching.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 463.]



HARRISON'S LANDING, ON THE JAMES RIVER, THE NEW BASE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

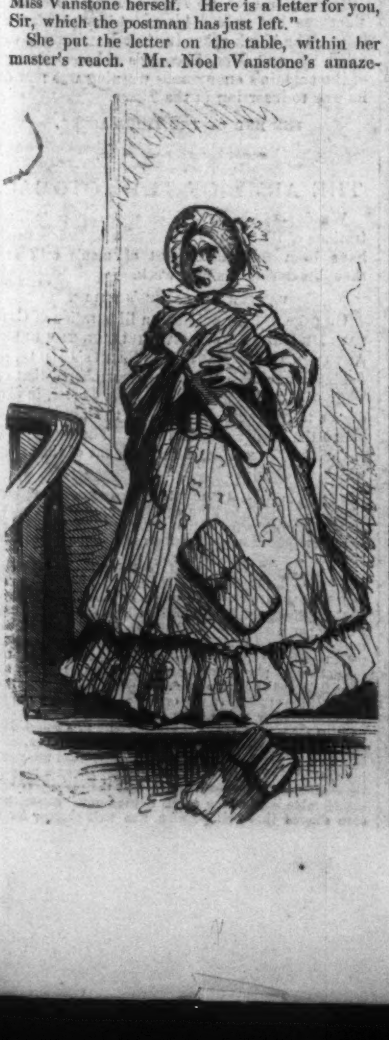
CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LECOUNT returned to the parlor with the fragment of Magdalen's dress in one hand, and with Captain Wragge's letter in the other.

"Have you got rid of her?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone. "Have you shut the door at last on Miss Garth?"

"Don't call her Miss Garth, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, smiling contemptuously. "She is as much Miss Garth as you are. We have been favored by the performance of a clever masquerade; and if we had taken the disguise off our visitor I think we should have found under it Miss Vanstone herself. Here is a letter for you, Sir, which the postman has just left."

She put the letter on the table, within her master's reach. Mr. Noel Vanstone's amazement at the discovery just communicated to him kept his whole attention concentrated on the housekeeper's face. He never so much as looked at the letter when she placed it before him.



"Take my word for it, Sir," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, composedly taking a chair. "When our visitor gets home she will put her gray hair away in a box, and will cure that sad affliction in her eyes with warm water and a sponge. If she had painted the marks on her face as well as she painted the inflammation in her eyes, the light would have shown me nothing, and I should certainly have been deceived. But I saw the marks; I saw a young woman's skin under that dirty complexion of hers; I heard, in this room, a true voice in a passion, as well as a false voice talking with an accent—and I don't believe in one morsel of that lady's personal appearance, from top to toe. The girl herself, in my opinion, Mr. Noel—and a bold girl too."

"Why didn't you lock the door and send for the police?" asked Mr. Noel. "My father would have sent for the police. You know, as well as I do, Lecount, my father would have sent for the police?"

"Pardon me, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount; "I think your father would have waited until he had got something more for the police to do than we have got for them yet. We shall see this lady again, Sir. Perhaps she will come here next time with her own face and her own voice. I am curious to see what her own face is like; I am curious to know whether what I have heard of her voice in a passion is enough to make me recognize her voice when she is calm. I possess a little memorial of her visit of which she is not aware, and she will not escape me so easily as she thinks. If it turns out a useful memorial, you shall know what it is. If not, I will abstain from troubling you on so trifling a subject. Allow me to remind you, Sir, of the letter under your hand. You have not looked at it yet."

Mr. Noel Vanstone opened the letter. He started as his eye fell on the first lines—hesitated—and then hurriedly read it through. The paper dropped from his hand, and he sank back in his chair. Mrs. Lecount sprang to her feet with the alacrity of a young woman and picked up the letter

"What has happened, Sir?" she asked. Her face altered as she put the question, and her large black eyes hardened fiercely in genuine astonishment and alarm.

"Send for the police!" exclaimed her master. "Lecount, I insist on being protected. Send for the police!"

"May I read the letter, Sir?"

He feebly waved his hand. Mrs. Lecount read the letter attentively, and put it aside on the table without a word when she had done.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone, staring at his housekeeper in blank dismay. "Lecount, I'm to be robbed! The scoundrel who wrote that letter knows all about it, and won't tell me any thing unless I pay him I'm to be robbed! Here's property on this table worth thousands of pounds—property that can never be replaced—property that all the crowned heads in Europe could not produce if they tried. Lock me in, Lecount, and send for the police!"

Instead of sending for the police Mrs. Lecount took a large green-paper fan from the chimney-piece and seated herself opposite her master.

"You are agitated, Mr. Noel," she said; "you are heated. Let me cool you."

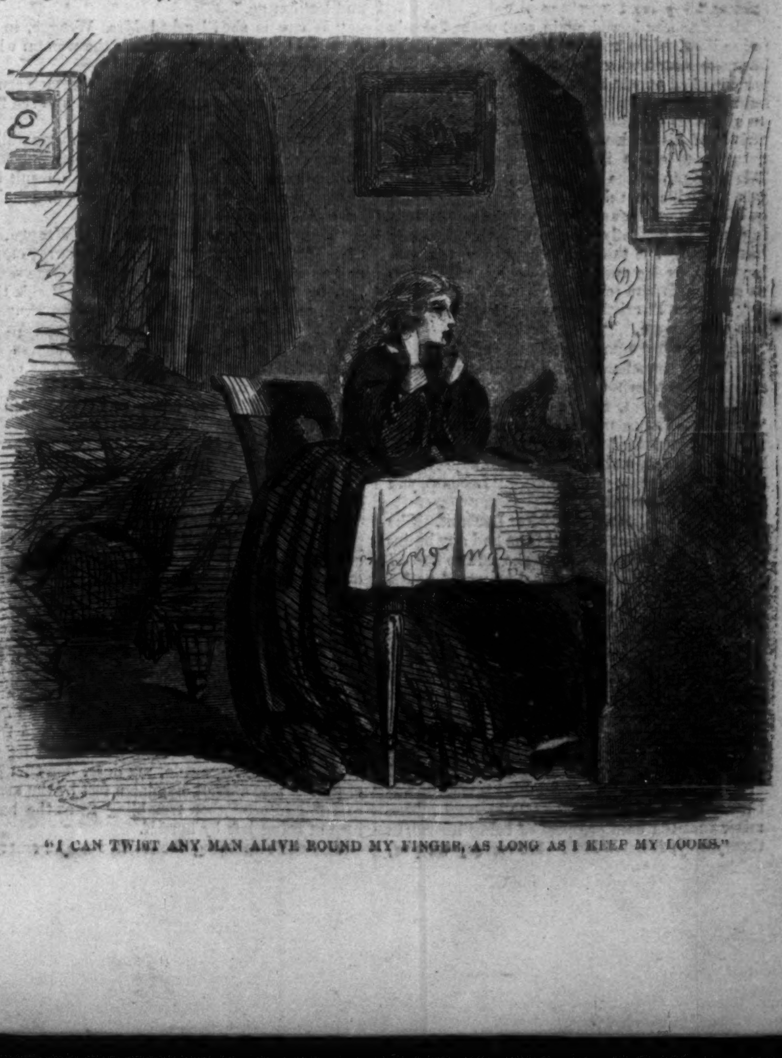
With her face as hard as ever—with less tenderness of look and manner than most women would have shown if they had been rescuing a half-drowned fly from a milk-jug—she silently and patiently fanned him for five minutes or more. No practiced eye observing the peculiar bluish pallor of his complexion, and the marked difficulty with which he drew his breath, could have failed to perceive that the great organ of life was in this man, what the housekeeper had stated it to be, too weak for the function which it was called on to perform. The heart labored over its work as if it had been the heart of a worn-out old man.

"Are you relieved, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount. "Can you think a little? Can you exercise your better judgment?"

She rose and put her hand over his heart with as much mechanical attention and as little genuine interest as if she had been feeling the plates at dinner to ascertain if they were properly warmed. "Yes," she went on, seating herself again, and resuming the exercise of the fan; "you are getting better already, Mr. Noel. Don't ask me about this anonymous letter until you have thought for yourself, and have given your own opinion first." She went on with the fanning, and looked him hard in the face all the time. "Think," she said; "think, Sir, without troubling yourself to express your thoughts. Trust to my intimate sympathy with you to read them. Yes, Mr. Noel, this letter is a paltry attempt to frighten you. What does it say? It says you are the object of a conspiracy, directed by Miss Vanstone. We know that already—the lady of the inflamed eyes has told us. We snap our fingers at the conspiracy. What does the letter say next? It says the writer has valuable information to give you, if you will pay for it What did you call this person yourself just now, Sir?"

"I called him a scoundrel," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, recovering his self-importance, and raising himself gradually in his chair.

"I agree with you in that, Sir, as I agree in every thing else," proceeded Mrs. Lecount. "He is a scoundrel who really has this information, and who means what he says; or he is a mouthpiece of Miss Vanstone's, and she has caused this letter to be written for the purpose of puzzling us by another form of disguise. Whether the letter is true, or whether the letter is false—



"I CAN TWIST ANY MAN ALIVE ROUND MY FINGER, AS LONG AS I KEEP MY LOOKS."

am I not reading your own wiser thoughts now, Mr. Noel?—you know better than to put your enemies on their guard by employing the police in this matter too soon. I quite agree with you—no police just yet. You will allow this anonymous man or anonymous woman to suppose you are easily frightened; you will lay a trap for the information in return for the trap laid for your money; you will answer the letter, and see what comes of the answer; and you will only pay the expense of employing the police when you know the expense is necessary. I quite agree with you again—no expense, if we can help it. In every particular, Mr. Noel, my mind and your mind in this matter are one."

"It strikes you in that light, Lecount—does it?" said Mr. Noel Vanstone. "I think so myself; I certainly think so. I won't pay the police a farthing if I can possibly help it." He took up the letter again, and became fretfully perplexed over a second reading of it. "But the man wants money!" he broke out, impatiently. "You seem to forget, Lecount, that the man wants money."

"Money which you offer him, Sir," rejoined Mrs. Lecount; "but—as your thoughts have already anticipated—money which you don't give him. No! no! you say to this man, 'Hold out your hand, Sir;' and when he has held it, you give him a smack for his pains, and put your own hand back in your pocket. I am so glad to see you laughing, Mr. Noel; so glad to see you getting back your good spirits. We will answer the letter by advertisement, as the writer directs—advertisement is so cheap! Your poor hand is trembling a little—shall I hold the pen for you? I am not fit to do more, but I can always promise to hold the pen."

Without waiting for his reply she went into the back parlor and returned with pen, ink, and paper. Arranging a blotting-book on her knees, and looking a model of cheerful submission, she placed herself once more in front of her master's chair.

"Shall I write from your dictation, Sir?" she inquired. "Or shall I make a little sketch, and will you correct it afterward? I will make a little sketch. Let me see the letter. We are to advertise in the *Times*, and we are to address 'An Unknown Friend.' What shall I say, Mr. Noel? Stay; I will write it, and then you can see for yourself: 'An Unknown Friend is requested to mention (by advertisement) an address at which a letter can reach him. The receipt of the information which he offers will be acknowledged by a reward of—' What sum of money do you wish me to set down, Sir?"

"Set down nothing," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, with a sudden outbreak of impatience. "Money-matters are my business—I say, money-matters are *my* business, Lecount. Leave it to me."

"Certainly, Sir," replied Mrs. Lecount, handing her master the blotting-book. "You will not forget to be liberal in offering money when you know beforehand you don't mean to part with it?"

"Don't dictate, Lecount! I won't submit to dictation!" said Mr. Noel Vanstone, asserting his own independence more and more impatiently. "I mean to conduct this business for myself. I am master, Lecount!"

"You are master, Sir."

"My father was master before me. And I am my father's son. I tell you, Lecount, I am my father's son!"

Mrs. Lecount bowed submissively.

"I mean to set down any sum of money I think right," pursued Mr. Noel Vanstone, nodding his little flaxen head vehemently. "I mean to send this advertisement myself. The servant shall take it to the stationer's to be put into the *Times*. When I ring the bell twice send the servant. You understand, Lecount? Send the servant."

Mrs. Lecount bowed again, and walked slowly to the door. She knew to a nicety when to lead her master, and when to let him go alone. Experience had taught her to govern him in all essential points by giving way to him afterward on all points of minor detail. It was a characteristic of his weak nature—as it is of all weak natures—to assert itself obstinately on trifles. The filling in of the blank in the advertisement was the trifle in this case; and Mrs. Lecount quieted her master's suspicions that she was leading him by instantly conceding it. "My mule has kicked," she thought to herself, in her own language, as she opened the door. "I can do no more with him to-day."

"Lecount!" cried her master, as she stepped into the passage. "Come back."

Mrs. Lecount came back.

"You're not offended with me, are you?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone, uneasily.

"Certainly not, Sir," replied Mrs. Lecount. "As you said just now, you are master."

"Good creature! Give me your hand." He kissed her hand, and smiled in high approval of his own affectionate proceeding. "Lecount, you are a worthy creature!"

"Thank you, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. She courtesied and went out. "If he had any brains in that monkey-head of his," she said to herself in the passage, "what a rascal he would be!"

Left by himself, Mr. Noel Vanstone became absorbed in anxious reflection over the blank space in the advertisement. Mrs. Lecount's apparently superfluous hint to him, to be liberal in offering money when he knew he had no intention of parting with it, had been founded on an intimate knowledge of his character. He had inherited his father's sordid love of money without inheriting his father's hard-headed capacity for seeing the uses to which money can be put. His one idea in connection with his wealth was the idea of keeping it. He was such an inborn miser that the bare prospect of being liberal, in theory only, daunted him. He took up the pen, laid it down again, and read the anonymous letter for the third time, shaking his head over it suspiciously. "If I offer this man a large sum of money," he thought, on a sudden, "how do I know he may not find a means of making me actually pay it? Women are always in a hurry. Lecount is always in a hurry. I have got the afternoon before me—I'll take the afternoon to consider it."

He fretfully put away the blotting-book and the sketch of the advertisement on the chair which Mrs. Lecount had just left. As he returned to his own seat he shook his little head solemnly, and arranged his white dressing-gown over his knees, with the air of a man absorbed in anxious thought. Minute after minute passed away; the quarters and the half hours succeeded each other on the dial of Mrs. Lecount's watch, and still Mr. Noel Vanstone remained lost in doubt—still no summons for the servant disturbed the tranquillity of the parlor bell.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, after parting with Mrs. Lecount, Magdalen had cautiously abstained from crossing the road to her lodgings, and had only ventured to return after making a circuit in the neighborhood. When she found herself once more in Vauxhall Walk, the first object which attracted her attention was a cab drawn up before the door of the lodgings. A few steps more in advance showed her the landlady's daughter, standing at the cab-door, engaged in a dispute with the driver on the subject of his fare. Noticing that the girl's back was turned toward her, Magdalen instantly profited by that circumstance, and slipped unobserved into the house.

She glided along the passage, ascended the stairs, and found herself on the first landing, face to face with her traveling companion! There stood Mrs. Wragge, with a pile of small parcels hugged up in her arms, anxiously waiting the issue of the dispute with the cabman in the street. To return was impossible—the sound of the angry voices below was advancing into the passage. To hesitate was worse than useless. But one choice was left—the choice of going on—and Magdalen desperately took it. She pushed by Mrs. Wragge without a word; ran into her own room, tore off her cloak, bonnet, and wig, and threw them down out of sight, in the blank space between the sofa-bedstead and the wall.

For the first few moments astonishment bereft Mrs. Wragge of the power of speech, and rooted her to the spot where she stood. Two out of the collection of parcels in her arms fell from them on the stairs. The sight of that catastrophe roused her. "Thieves!" cried Mrs. Wragge, suddenly struck by an idea. "Thieves!"

Magdalen heard her through the room door which she had not had time to close completely. "Is that you, Mrs. Wragge?" she called out in her own voice. "What is the matter?" She snatched up a towel while she spoke, dipped it in water, and passed it rapidly over the lower part of her face. At the sound of the familiar voice Mrs. Wragge turned round—dropped a third parcel—and, forgetting it in her astonishment, ascended the second flight of stairs. Magdalen stepped out on the first-floor landing, with the towel held over her forehead as if she was suffering from headache. Her false eyebrows required time for their removal, and a headache, assumed for the occasion, suggested the most convenient pretext she could devise for hiding them as they were hidden now.

"What are you disturbing the house for?" she asked. "Pray be quiet. I am half blind with the headache."

"Any thing wrong, ma'am?" inquired the landlady from the passage.

"Nothing whatever," replied Magdalen. "My friend is timid, and the dispute with the cabman has frightened her. Pay the man what he wants, and let him go."

"Where is she?" asked Mrs. Wragge, in a tremulous whisper. "Where's the woman who scuttled by me into your room?"

"Pooh!" said Magdalen. "No woman scuttled by you, as you call it. Look in and see for yourself."

She threw open the door. Mrs. Wragge walked into the room—looked all over it—saw nobody, and indicated her astonishment at the result by dropping a fourth parcel and trembling helplessly from head to foot.

"I saw her go in here," said Mrs. Wragge, in awe-struck accents. "A woman in a gray cloak and a poke bonnet. A rude woman. She scuttled by me on the stairs—she did. Here's the room, and no woman in it. Give us a Prayer-Book!" cried Mrs. Wragge, turning deadly pale, and letting her whole remaining collection of parcels fall about her in a little cascade of commodities. "I want to read something Good. I want to think of my latter end. I've seen a Ghost!"

"Nonsense!" said Magdalen. "You're dreaming; the shopping has been too much for you. Go into your own room, and take your bonnet off."

"I've heard tell of ghosts in night-gowns, ghosts in sheets, and ghosts in chains," proceeded Mrs. Wragge, standing petrifi[illegible] her own magic circle of linen-drapers' parcels. "Here's a worse ghost than any of 'em—a ghost in a gray cloak and a poke bonnet. I know what it is," continued Mrs. Wragge, melting into penitent tears. "It's a judgment on me for being so happy away from the captain. It's a judgment on me for having been down at heel in half the shops in London, first with one shoe and then with the other, all the time I've been out. I'm a sinful creature. Don't let go of me—whatever you do, my dear, don't let go of me!" She caught Magdalen fast by the arm, and fell into another trembling fit at the bare idea of being left by herself.

The one remaining chance in such an emergency as this was to submit to circumstances. Magdalen took Mrs. Wragge to a chair, having first placed it in such a position as might enable her to turn her back on her traveling-companion while she removed the false eyebrows by the help of a little water. "Wait a minute there," she said, "and try if you can compose yourself while I bathe my head."

"Compose myself?" repeated Mrs. Wragge. "How am I to compose myself when my head feels off my shoulders? The worst Buzzing I ever had with the Cookery-book was nothing to the Buzzing I've got now with the Ghost. Here's a miserable end to a holiday! You may take me back again, my dear, whenever you like—I've had enough of it already!"

Having at last succeeded in removing the eyebrows, Magdalen was free to combat the unfortunate impression produced on her companion's mind by every weapon of persuasion which her ingenuity could employ.

The attempt proved useless. Mrs. Wragge persisted—on evidence which, it may be remarked in parenthesis, would have satisfied many wiser ghost-seers than herself—in believing that she had been supernaturally favored by a visitor from the world of spirits. All that Magdalen could do was to ascertain by cautious investigation that Mrs. Wragge had not been quick enough to identify the supposed ghost with the character of the old North-country lady in the Entertainment. Having satisfied herself on this point, she had no resource but to leave the rest to the natural incapability of retaining impressions—unless those impressions were perpetually renewed—which was one of the characteristic infirmities of her companion's weak mind. After fortifying Mrs. Wragge by reiterated assurances that one appearance (according to all the laws and regulations of ghosts) meant nothing unless it was immediately followed by two more—after patiently leading back her attention to the parcels dropped on the floor and on the stairs, and after promising to keep the door of communication ajar between the two rooms, if Mrs. Wragge would engage on her side to retire to her own chamber, and to say no more on the terrible subject of the ghost, Magdalen at last secured the privilege of reflecting uninterruptedly on the events of that memorable day.

Two serious consequences had followed her first step forward. Mrs. Lecount had entrapped her into speaking in her own voice, and accident had confronted her with Mrs. Wragge in disguise.

What advantage had she gained to set against these disasters? The advantage of knowing more of Noel Vanstone and of Mrs. Lecount than she might have discovered in months, if she had trusted to inquiries made for her by others. One uncertainty which had hitherto perplexed her was set at rest already. The scheme she had privately devised against Michael Vanstone—which Captain Wragge's sharp insight had partially penetrated when she first warned him that their partnership must be dissolved—was a scheme which she could now plainly see must be abandoned as hopeless in the case of Michael Vanstone's son. The father's habits of speculation had been the pivot on which the whole machinery of her meditated conspiracy had been constructed to turn. No such vantage-ground was discoverable in the doubly sordid character of the son. Mr. Noel Vanstone was invulnerable on the very point which had presented itself in his father as open to attack.

Having reached this conclusion, how was she to shape her future course? What new means could she discover which would lead her secretly to her end, in defiance of Mrs. Lecount's malicious vigilance, and Noel Vanstone's miserly distrust?

She was seated before the looking-glass, mechanically combing out her hair, while that all-important consideration occupied her mind. The agitation of the moment had raised a feverish color in her cheeks, and had brightened the light in her large gray eyes. She was conscious of looking her best; conscious how her beauty gained by contrast after the removal of the disguise. Her lovely light-brown hair looked thicker and softer than ever now that it had escaped from its imprisonment under the gray wig. She twisted it this way and that, with quick, dextrous fingers; she laid it in masses on her shoulders; she threw it back from them in a heap, and turned sideways to see how it fell—to see her back and shoulders freed from the artificial deformities of the padded cloak. After a moment she faced the looking-glass once more, plunged both hands deep in her hair, and, resting her elbows on the table, looked closer and closer at the reflection of herself, until her breath began to dim the glass. "I can twist any man alive round my finger," she thought, with a smile of superb triumph, "as long as I keep my looks! If that contemptible wretch saw me now—" She shrank from following the thought to its end, with a sudden horror of herself; she drew back from the glass, shuddering, and put her hands over her face. "Oh, Frank!" she murmured, "but for you, what a wretch I might be!" Her eager fingers snatched the little white silk bag from its hiding-place in her bosom; her lips devoured it with silent kisses. "My darling! my angel! Oh, Frank, how I love you!" The tears gushed into her eyes. She passionately dried them, restored the bag to its place, and turned her back on the looking-glass. "No more of myself," she thought; "no more of my mad, miserable self for to-day!"

Shrinking from all further contemplation of her next step in advance—shrinking from the fast-darkening future, with which Noel Vanstone was now associated in her inmost thoughts—she looked impatiently about the room for some homely occupation which might take her out of herself. The disguise which she had flung down between the wall and the bed recurred to her memory. It was impossible to leave it there. Mrs. Wragge (now occupied in sorting her parcels) might weary of her employment, might come in again at a moment's notice, might pass near the bed and see the gray cloak. What was to be done?

Her first thought was to put the disguise back in her trunk. But after what had happened there was danger in trusting it so near to herself while she and Mrs. Wragge were together under the same roof. She resolved to be rid of it that evening, and boldly determined on sending it back to Birmingham. Her bonnet-box fitted into her trunk. She took the box out, thrust in the wig and cloak, and remorselessly flattened down the bonnet at the top. The gown (which she had not yet taken off) was her own; Mrs. Wragge had been accustomed to see her in it—there was no need to send the gown back. Before closing the box she hastily traced these lines on a sheet of paper: "I took the inclosed things away by mistake. Please keep them for me with the rest of my luggage in your possession until you hear from me again." Putting the paper on the top of the bonnet she directed the box to Captain Wragge, of Birmingham, took it down stairs immediately, and sent the landlady's daughter away with it to the nearest Receiving House. "That difficulty is disposed of," she thought, as she went back to her own room again.

Mrs. Wragge was still occupied in sorting her parcels on her narrow little bed. She turned round with a faint scream when Magdalen looked in at her. "I thought it was the ghost again," said Mrs. Wragge. "I'm trying to take warning, my dear, by what's happened to me. I've put all my parcels straight, just as the captain would like to see 'em. I'm up at heel with both shoes. If I close my eyes to-night—which I don't think I shall—I'll go to sleep as straight as my legs will let me. And I'll never have another holiday as long as I live. I hope I shall be forgiven," said Mrs. Wragge, mournfully shaking her head. "I humbly hope I shall be forgiven."

"Forgiven!" repeated Magdalen. "If other women wanted as little forgiving as you do—Well! well! Suppose you open some of these parcels. Come! I want to see what you have been buying to day."

Mrs. Wragge hesitated, sighed penitently, considered a little, stretched out her hand timidly toward one of the parcels, thought of the supernatural warning, and shrank back from her own purchases with a desperate exertion of self-control.

"Open this one," said Magdalen to encourage her: "What is it!"

Mrs. Wragge's faded blue eyes began to brighten dimly in spite of her remorse, but she self-denyingly shook her head. The master passion of shopping might claim his own again—but the ghost was not laid yet.

"Did you get it a bargain?" asked Magdalen, confidentially.

"Dirt cheap," cried poor Mrs. Wragge, falling headlong into the snare, and darting at the parcel as eagerly as if nothing had happened.

Magdalen kept her gossiping over her purchases for an hour or more, and then wisely determined to distract her attention from all ghostly recollections in another way by taking her out for a walk.

As they left the lodgings the door of Noel Vanstone's house opened, and the woman-servant appeared, bent on another errand. She was apparently charged with a letter on this occasion, which she carried carefully in her hand. Conscious of having formed no plan yet, either for attack or defense, Magdalen wondered, with a momentary dread, whether Mrs. Lecount had decided already on opening fresh communications, and whether the letter was directed to "Miss Garth."

The letter bore no such address. Mr. Noel Vanstone had solved his pecuniary problem at last. The blank space in the advertisement was filled up, and Mrs. Lecount's acknowledgment of the captain's anonymous warning was now on its way to insertion in the *Times*.

THE END OF THE THIRD SCENE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote a large portion of our space to illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, whose deeds have been the one subject of men's talk and thoughts during the past week.

BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILLS.

On page 452 we publish an illustration of Captain De Hart's Battery Shelling the Rebel Advance at the Battle of Gaines's Mills, on Friday, June 27. It will be remembered that on Thursday, 26th, General Fitz-John Porter, in obedience to instructions, fell back to Gaines's Mills. There the enemy attacked him. The correspondent of the *Times* gives a full account of the affair, which we abridge:

> M'Call's brigade of Pennsylvania reserves, and Sykes's brigade of regulars took up a position upon the high land overlooking the valley of the Chickahominy, eastward of and near the roads leading from Gaines's Mills to Coal Harbor.
>
> Sykes's brigade, consisting of the Third, Fourth, Twelfth, and Thirteenth United States Infantry, Duryea's Zouaves, and Weed's battery, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Buchanan, were disposed on both sides of the road leading north from Gaines's Mills, and parallel to the road to Coal Harbor. The Zouaves were drawn up in the open field, facing the line of the enemy's approach, while the regulars were placed to the right, left, and rear, in the same field and along the road. Captain Weed, in anticipation of the attempt of the enemy to push their lines up the Coal Harbor road to our right, found an admirable position for his battery of 3-inch Parrotts in a wheat-field about forty rods to the right of his original position, on a slight eminence which commanded a cross-road intersecting that to Coal Harbor. Here he could sweep a mile of the cross-road, and effectually prevent the passage of any considerable body of the rebels to the right. Experience soon showed that this position was well chosen, for it

proved during the day one of the hottest in the fight. Captain De Hart's battery was posted further to the left, and directly confronted the rebel line, whose position, though not as yet precisely known, was partially revealed by the sound of his artillery and musketry beyond a belt of woods toward Gaines's Mills. Captain De Hart's battery consisted of six 12-pounder Napoleon guns, besides which there was a battery of 3-inch rifled guns, of wrought iron, belonging to the reserves. Captain Eaton's battery was on his left, and Captain Kern's further to his left.

About ten o'clock the pickets at our right were driven back from the woods skirting the field, and shortly afterward those stationed on the Cross Roads toward the Coal Harbor road, were also driven in. The enemy were silently creeping up to the right. Simultaneously he made his appearance in a green field, directly in front, drawn up in line of battle, and in five minutes their batteries opened on our lines with shell. Following this the enemy had also placed a battery in position, fronting that of Captain Weed's, and commenced fire—the fire of the two rebel batteries being at an angle of 45 degrees to our position, enfilading the troops.

* * * * * * * *

Captain Weed opened his battery, as did those of Tidball's, which was stationed near the same position. The battery of Captain De Hart also replied vigorously. The Zouaves, who were drawn up in line nearest to the enemy, stood motionless and stern awaiting the onset, while the regulars occupied the field and road, ready to receive and return the rebel fire as soon as they should get within range. The whiz-z-z of Minié bullets, and scream of shell and shot from a dozen different directions, now showed that the work had begun in earnest.

* * * * * * * *

The position of these batteries and of Sykes's command was not essentially changed during the day. They held their own under a most terrific fire, and to Weed's and Tidball's Batteries is unquestionably due the credit of preventing the flanking of our right.

As the contest thickened, the enemy showed themselves in constantly augmenting numbers. The tide of battle swayed to the left, and finally covered the entire rolling land overlooking the river valley.

* * * * * * * *

By two o'clock the woods covering the hill were thronged by the two contending armies. The enemy generally advanced in three lines, the first firing and falling down while that behind repeated the same movement. By the time the third line had discharged their pieces the first had loaded and were ready to rise and fire again.

Thus the battle raged, the enemy at times giving way before the impetuous charges of our men, and again recovering and advancing. The fiercest portion of the fight was near the brow of the hill. Batteries thundered, musketry roared, and the din and noise of the contending forces were terrific.

It was apparent that the rebels were constantly bringing fresh troops upon the field, and there was literally no end to their number.

SHOWERS OF CANISTER.

Reinforcements were sent for and received, but the enemy continued to outnumber our forces, and toward nightfall our wearied troops gave way toward the Chickahominy. A scene in this retreat forms the subject of our picture on pages 456 and 457. It represents GRIFFIN'S AND MARTIN'S BATTERIES POURING CANISTER INTO THE REBEL RANKS. The *World* correspondent says:

Griffin's and Martin's batteries did splendid service in checking the advance of the enemy, pouring canister into their ranks with terrible effect. Probably the greatest carnage of this bloody day was produced by the incessant discharges of double-shotted canister from the brass Napoleons of Martin's battery. He had taken up a position in the hollow between two small hills. The enemy advanced from the opposite side in solid column on the double-quick, with arms at right shoulder-shift, not being able to see the battery until they reached the crest of the hill, within one hundred yards of it, when Martin opened on them, sweeping them from the field like chaff in the wind. Twice again they formed and advanced, their officers behaving splendidly; but it was useless, Martin's fierce leaden rain being too terrible to withstand. The advance of the fresh troops having checked the enemy, and night coming on, the conflict ceased, and both parties quietly lay on their arms.

The *Tribune* writer says:

At six o'clock the enemy commenced a determined attack on our extreme left, evidently with a design of flanking us. It was an awful firing that resounded from that smoke-clouded valley—not heavier than some in the earlier part of the engagement, but more steady and determined. I am told that some men on the other side and further up the river saw more than a dozen rebel regiments march in at that point, and, remaining only a few minutes, file out a little distance up the ravine. It was only by overbearing exhausted men with fresh ones that the enemy succeeded in turning that flank, as at length he did succeed, only too well. And he accomplished it in three-quarters of an hour. At the expiration of that time our officers judiciously ordered their men to fall back.

As the infantry betook themselves from the point of attack, some 20 guns, fortunately posted in the morning for such an emergency, and which had not yet made a sign, opened a terrific fire of canister at short range. The enemy recoiled. The bridge of Lodi was not half so terrible. Until night set in, until the Valley of the Chickahominy was canopied with sulphur, until their ammunition was exhausted—and many of them went upon the field with over 200 rounds—did those guns hold the raging enemy at bay.

A PICKET.

On page 460 we reproduce a sketch by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, representing A PICKET ON THE CHICKAHOMINY. The relief is approaching through the corn-field, and the anxious watch of the faithful picket is nearly ended. The attitude of the men is varied and yet truthful; the scene is one that will imprint itself firmly on the memory.

On the same page we give a picture of the BRIDGE OVER THE CHICKAHOMINY, also from a sketch by Mr. Waud. He says:

BRIDGE OVER THE CHICKAHOMINY.

Our brave army, toiling in the face of the enemy, ready to spring to arms at any moment, have done an immense amount of work, of which the construction of bridges has formed no inconsiderable portion. This has been necessary to secure our position in the face of the enemy.

The picture presents a fair idea of the bridge—a solid work of logs, laid corduroy fashion, covered with a layer of earth, and winding through the otherwise impassable swamp.

On page 453 we publish a large picture, likewise from a sketch by Mr. Waud, illustrating THE PLAIN OF FAIROAKS after the battle. Mr. Waud says:

FAIROAKS.

Fairoaks is a railroad station, used principally as a dépôt to supply the engines with wood, which is cut in large quantities in the swamps and woodlands of the vicinity. It takes its name from the plantation near by, which is called Fairoaks, from the group of green oak-trees which surround the twin-houses represented in the picture.

An effort has been made to change the name of the battle to Seven Pines. As no such assemblage of evergreens exists near—locusts growing on the place called Seven Pines—it is clearly as well to let the battle's name alone; and as M'Clellan was its sponsor, good-breeding ought to suggest this to the most limited understanding.

HARRISON'S LANDING.

On page 461 we reproduce a sketch sent us by an attentive correspondent, representing HARRISON'S LANDING, the new base of the Army of the Potomac. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the spot:

The Army of the Potomac is now massed on the left bank of the James River, along a space of about five miles on the river, and to a distance of three miles back therefrom, at a point from six to ten miles below City Point. The spot is designated as Harrison's Landing. It is 25 miles southeast of Richmond, in a direct line; but the river is so tortuous and crooked that it is nearly twice as far by water. The plantations in the vicinity are exceedingly rich and fertile, the wheat being either just cut or else fully ready for the reaper. The banks of the river slope down to the water's edge. The river bottom itself is a continuation of this very gradual slope, which makes the water near the shore exceedingly shallow. In order to afford landing-places for vessels, therefore, long wooden piers or wharves are built, running far out into the stream. These landing-places are usually designated by the names of the individuals who built them and upon whose plantations they abut.

The ground for miles around Harrison's Landing is admirably situated for defense. The army, since its arrival here, has made the most of these natural advantages, and is now strongly intrenched. As all of our heavy siege guns, and indeed all our artillery, except some sixty field-pieces, have been saved, it will be seen at once that we are in good condition to stand even a siege, if the enemy should attempt one. But this is not expected.

The large Berkeley mansion, and the two smaller houses adjoining, as well as several negro huts in the vicinity, are all occupied as hospitals. The family—named Stark—I believe, have not been here since last March, and are now in Richmond. They removed most of their portable personal effects in April and May, but left in the house all of their rich carpets, elegant furniture, etc. The rain has poured down in torrents all day to-day; the grounds around the house are one mass of mud, and in two hours after the house was opened the rich carpets in every room were covered with a thick layer of the sacred soil, which, being tramped and grimed into them, has completely ruined them. Upon these once elegant but now muddy carpets our wounded officers and soldiers are now lying closely crowded together. Two of the rooms down stairs are used for amputations, and in this department of surgery the surgeons have been busy all day. For the want of space the sick and those slightly wounded are made to go outside the house, there not being room enough inside for the severely wounded alone. There are a great number of steamers and sailing vessels out in the stream, which are being fitted up to receive these sick and wounded men, and in a day or two they will all be removed to comfortable quarters.

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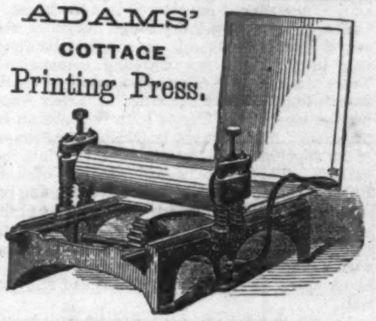

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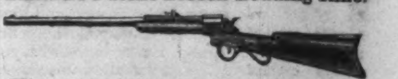

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For August, 1862.

The August number of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE contains the opening Chapters of "Romola," by Miss EVANS, the Author of "Adam Bede," "Scenes of Clerical Life," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Silas Marner." It is printed with the Original Illustrations, from early sheets, furnished in advance of its publication in England. The opening scenes are laid at Florence, in the year of the discovery of America by Columbus. A perusal of these chapters must assure our readers that they will have no reason to regret that so much space has been given to this Tale. The immediate termination of Mr. THACKERAY'S "Philip" will leave us space for our usual variety of Articles, in addition to the three Serial Tales "Romola," "Orley Farm," and "Mistress and Maid."

We commend the paper on "South Carolina Nullifiers" and the biographical sketch of JOHN P. KENNEDY, to the careful perusal of those who wish to study the inception and progress of the present struggle in which we are engaged.

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